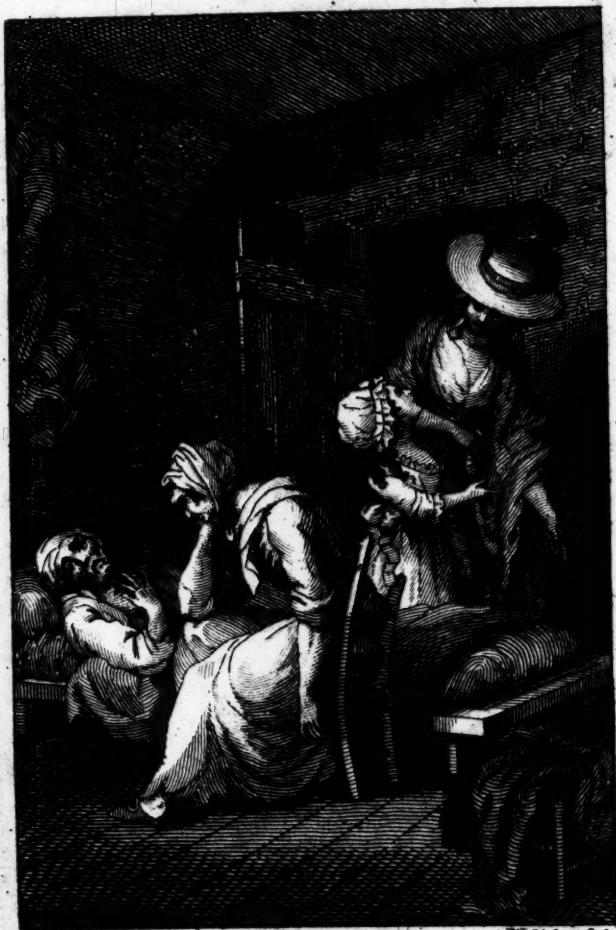


THE UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

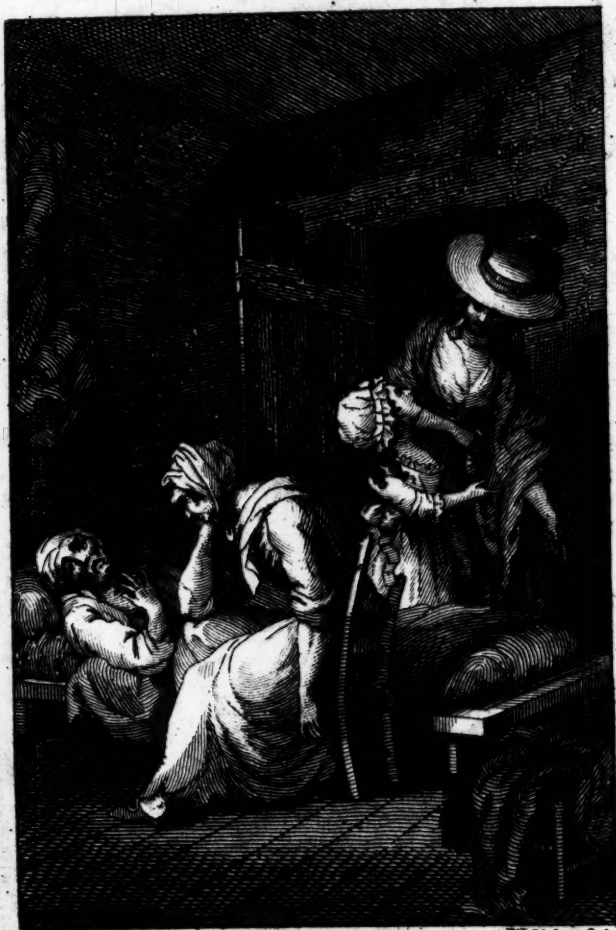


C.R. Byg ad.

W. Stalton sculp.

And you my little dear, continued she, directing
 then her conversation to the child, who, while she spoke
 was weeping, carefully consider this apartment, and
 the affecting object in it: let the recollection never quit
 your memory, and lay this purse here on the bed.
 Published as the Act directs, Dec^r 15. 1787, by T. Hookham, Bond Street.

THE UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.



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THE
FRIEND OF YOUTH;
BEING A SEQUEL TO THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

AND LIKE THAT WORK,
CONSISTING OF
APT STORIES, ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES,
AND
MORAL DRAMAS:

ALL INTENDED
To excite Attention, cherish Feeling, and inculcate Virtue
IN THE
RISING GENERATION;

Partly translated from Mr. BERQUIN, and other French
and German Writers, and partly Original,
being written by the Editor himself,

The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN.

Embellished with
COPPER PLATES.

VOL. VIII.

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



T H E

BANE OF FLATTERY.

SCENE, *A study.*

(*A MOTHER, at her writing table.*)

Her DAUGHTER, (*entering hastily.*)

DEAR mama, guess what delightful news I bring you! but you cannot.

The MOTHER. Cannot; and what news, pray, have you, then?

The DAUGHTER. I have got a new acquaintance for you; and the most agreeable you could have known. Miss Arabella Backbite. She will soon be here.

The MOTHER. Here, Mira! I, for my part, should have thought that any one desiring to become acquainted with me, and procure admittance here, should first of all have asked my leave.

THE BANE OF FLATTERY.

The DAUGHTER. 'Tis very true, mama: but then, I was so certain of the pleasure you would find from an acquaintance with Miss Backbite, that I thought I might on this occasion, not so much regard the etiquette.

The MOTHER. The *etiquette*! Is that the name you give your duty. This reply is of a piece, I must acknowledge, with your usual levity: but the behaviour of Miss Backbite, is not so with that reserve and modesty you ought to wish for, in the person you would make your friend. Methinks, she should have staid for my consent, before she thought of making me a visit.

The DAUGHTER. Oh, the reason is, her eagerness to have the opportunity of paying you her homage, for she used that word. You cannot think how highly she esteems you.

The MOTHER. To esteem me, we should previously have known each other; and I never saw her in my life but once, as I remember, at a formal visit paid her mother.

The DAUGHTER. Well; she wanted nothing more than that one visit, to discover what you were. She set you out in such a charming light, that I am now much prouder than I was of having such a mother.

The MOTHER. And, no doubt, with such abilities as she possesses in the art of setting people out, as you express it, she informed you also, of your great perfections.

The

THE BANE OF FLATTERY. 5

The DAUGHTER. How it comes to pass, I cannot tell you; but, believe me, you would hardly think how many charming things she said of me: as you conjectured very rightly, she discovered such a number of good qualities within me, and such good ones too, as I had never seen myself!

The MOTHER. And which, no doubt, you see at present, very clearly.

The DAUGHTER. Yes, because they were so striking when she noticed them! Yes, yes, mama, so striking!

The MOTHER. Truly, I am much afraid, that in the number of your qualities, however good they might be, she forgot to mention modesty.

The DAUGHTER. You joke, I fancy, dear mama: and yet, I must acknowledge, she was almost tempted to reproach me with it. She concluded her discourse, however, by assuring me, I should be treated with but little friendship in the world, since others would not easily forgive me for outshining them in every talent, as I do.

The MOTHER. In that case, I have only to congratulate you on account of these discoveries.

The DAUGHTER. But, my dear mama, her observations were so just respecting you, that what she said concerning me, must likewise have been true. Oh, I assure you, when she

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comes, you will acknowledge her a charming lady.

The MOTHER. Oh, no doubt. For my part, I no longer wonder you are so possessed with the idea of her charmingness.

The DAUGHTER. How is it possible, I should not love her. She is so polite and affable! You never hear a word from her, but what is perfectly obliging.

The MOTHER. Have you often had the opportunity of seeing her?

The DAUGHTER. No more than twice, at our good friend's, next door: she loves the two young ladies; but for my part, they appear to me not sensible enough of her affection for them. Do you think they have much penetration? We have been, you know, acquainted with them, now these four years; and they never paid me half so many compliments in all that time, or praised me for a twentieth part of such perfections, as Miss Backbite has discovered in me during the three days we have been now acquainted.

The MOTHER. And, what circumstances, pray, led you to make this remark?

The DAUGHTER. Because they have at times pretended to point out in my behaviour certain little faults, with which, however, I have reason to conceive myself not chargeable. I take it, they must be a little envious.

The MOTHER. You must think, then, that

THE BANE OF FLATTERY. 7

as often I pretend to do so likewise, I must be a little envious of your merit.

The DAUGHTER. Oh, what you do is quite different. You find fault with me from favour or affection, and for my improvement: But—

The MOTHER. And why are you averse to put the same interpretation on the conduct of your friends? Without so warm an interest, as your family must be supposed to have, in seeing your improvement, should they not desire it very ardently, that the connection, which, for these four years and upwards has united you, may grow the stronger every day. Besides, I know them well enough to be assured, that in their observations and advice, they have been guided by the nicest rules of friendship and good manners.

The DAUGHTER. But, you know, mama, I told you just this moment, they had only to remark on little faults in my behaviour.

The MOTHER. Your self-love is mightily ingenious to take all the advantages it can of those young ladies' delicacy. And, on that account, if for no other, you should put a greater value on their friendship and attachment. I am perfectly convinced that, next to me, who am your mother, no young people can be more entitled to a place in your esteem.

The DAUGHTER. Oh, I am very sure, Miss Backbite is already more my friend than they are. But I hear the outward door go to.

Tis

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Tis she! tis she! Oh, how rejoiced I am, and you will be convinced.

Miss BACKBITE (*entering in a ceremonious manner.*) Dear madam, pardon me that I have been so free as to obtrude myself upon you, without asking leave of introduction. But, in every company I have of late frequented, I have heard your excellencies dwelt so much on, that I could not stifle my desire of paying you my best respects. I am not in the least surprised to find your daughter has so many brilliant qualities already.

The DAUGHTER (*in a whisper to her mother.*) There, mama, I told you so!

The MOTHER. A very pretty compliment, indeed! The truth is, it would be more honourable were it paid us by a person, from experience better qualified to form some judgement of us; and from previous intimacy, more acquainted with our merits or demerits. More particularly, if she had but so much delicacy as to show us her ideas, by the testimony of her friendship, and not come, in such a manner, to inform us of them.

Miss BACKBITE (*a little confused.*) How can I refuse to tell my thoughts, when you inspire them, at the very moment I have first the happiness of seeing you? Ah, would to heaven I were the child of so respectable a mother!

The MOTHER. Do you fancy, such a wish does your mama great honour?

Miss

THE BANE OF FLATTERY. 9

Miss BACKBITE. I would willingly have changed it, had I known what sort of language to express my admiration in. In vain I search my thoughts; for no where can I find a lady comparable to you. And, who, pray, not older than Miss Mira, would dare rival her in point of understanding, and the graces. I am not inclined to prejudices, no not even in behalf of such as I esteem. For instance sake, I love the two Miss Burfords, those, I mean, who live next door; and wish I could not see their imperfections; but how awkward, stiff, and formal they both seem, when your accomplished daughter happens to be by them!

The MOTHER. You forget, no doubt, they are my daughter's friends: your picture of them, which is not remarkable for its resemblance, cannot, therefore, but displease us. Then, too, I have more than once been told, you praise them to the skies, whenever you are in their company.

The DAUGHTER. 'Tis true, mama; and after what Miss Backbite has just now said of them, I can hardly credit my own ears. No earlier than last night, she paid them all the compliments she could imagine, to their faces.

The MOTHER. I see, that circumstance is no inducement with the lady to speak favourably of them, when their back is turned.

Miss BACKBITE. One never loves to tell another what are called unwelcome truths. All we
may

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may do is, to point out and censure their defects and foibles to our real friends alone.

The MOTHER. I know not whether Mira should lay any stress on this distinction; but for my part, were I in her place, I should be very much afraid of proving, at one time or other, in my turn, the subject of debate or censure, when you happened to be got with any of your real friends: for, certainly, you cannot want for such.

Miss BACKBITE. What notions have you of me, madam? I am too sincere a friend to—

The MOTHER. Well, then, since you bring up your sincerity, I have to tell you, Miss, that having had no intimation of your visit, and no reason to expect it, I had set apart this evening for a little conversation with my daughter, upon many weighty matters in her education; and I think, I should not for a moment's time defer what I have got it in my head to tell her, on the danger of a vain credulity, as well as the unworthiness of what I call a servile adulation. I should fear such subjects would displease you much, and therefore, when both Mira and myself have gained that summit of perfection you are pleased to think we have already reached, but which, to let you know the truth, however, is not yet the case, we shall suppose ourselves entitled to your praise; and, when that time is come, I mean myself the honour of conveying proper intimation to you of it. For the present, therefore,
giv-

THE BANE OF FLATTERY. 11

give my compliments to your mama. Farewell, Miss Backbite.

Miss BACKBITE (*going out in great confusion.*) Farewell, madam.

The DAUGHTER. Oh, maina, how you received her!

The MOTHER. Do I owe her any deference or respect, when she presumed to come into my very house, and thus insult me, and you likewise?

The DAUGHTER. Thus insult us!

The MOTHER. Is it not an insult to deride us? And did not Miss Backbite do whatever she was able, to deride us, by the aid of false, and even laughable applause? Do you suppose she really believes you, in her heart, a prodigy of understanding, and the graces, as she did not blush to say you were? Did she not say as much respecting the two Burfords? notwithstanding which, you see how she aspersed them. Did you not remark how she endeavoured to exalt me on the ruins of her mother? Now, that I have leisure to reflect, I wonder how, at such an instance of her meanness, I could keep from bidding her begone, with all the indignation and contempt she merited!

The DAUGHTER. Can she deserve all this?

The MOTHER. All this?—It is the character of every sycophant, who dares pretend to govern others by seducing them, when, through their groveling littleness, they rank among the lowest of mankind?

The

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The DAUGHTER. And do you think, mama, Miss Backbite fought to govern me?

The MOTHER. Your inexperience hindered you from being in the least aware of her design, however gross it was. But when she fought to get herself into your good opinion, by the falsties she uttered, what was her intention? To subject your understanding, if she could, by making flattery needful to you. To controul you more imperiously, did she not wish to banish from your heart, two elegant young ladies, by insinuating what she did against them, and by ornamenting you with their accomplishments? Had she succeeded in this point, who knows but that she would have brought you to infringe the bond of all your duties, by describing my advice and intimations as unjust reproaches? my affection, as a dotard's; and my government, as marking me a tyrant only? What would have become, in that case, of you, when abandoned by your mother and relations?

The DAUGHTER (*falling into her mother's arms.*) Oh, my dear, dear mother, I acknowledge that without you I had, very possibly, been lost already. Open me your bosom, clasp me to your heart. From what a gulph of danger you have snatched me!

The MOTHER. Yes, dear child; but you are happily restored to me now, and, as I dare persuade myself, for ever. After this example, you will be the better for it. I observed you
were

were astonished hearing me address Miss Backbite in a style so different from my usual way of conversation; but, you know, that all my happiness and expectations are in you. Judge, then, if I had not the greatest cause to be alarmed, at seeing you exposed to all the influence of Miss Backbite's poisonous seduction. You can never think how wretched is the situation of the woman, who, in childhood has been spoiled by adulation. When she comes abroad into the world, with expectations such as she is not entitled to indulge, and with a high opinion of herself, which no one will subscribe to, what a multitude of mortifying notions must she not digest! The more her pride demands that homage she expected to receive, the more will she observe it is denied her with disdain. If, notwithstanding the presumption that deludes or blinds her, she should have, at times, a gleam of reason shoot across her darkness, so that she may see herself, what shame must she not undergo at such a prospect, destitute, as she observes she is, of those fair qualities she fancied she possessed? and what remorse at the idea of the time she has unhappily let slip, which would have served to gain them? From what source will she in future draw her right and title to applause? to the affection of her husband? or the love with which her children ought to treat her? To suppress within her bosom those reproaches that *will*, after all, be heard, as well as the importunate idea of her

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nothingness, she will not hear what any but vile flatterers may have to say, such flatterers as at first deluded her; and to compleat her ignominy, when she scorns them, she will see, she is herself the object of their scorn. Embittered by all these humiliations, she will draw new punishments from the desert of others. This desert will even torment her in the children she has borne her husband. She will only favour those who show themselves most skilful in the servile part of praising her unworthiness and folly; doomed, as she will find she is, to the enormity of first corrupting, so that she may love them.

The DAUGHTER. Oh, my dearest mother, turn away this picture from my sight: it is too horrid to be looked at.

The MOTHER. Well, then, to relieve your eyes with one more pleasing, represent to your imagination a young woman in that dress of modesty which has so many charms, and with that diffidence, respecting her capacity to please, which gives those charms so interesting an appearance. Those that are the usual flatterers of our sex, revere her; and even such as are at all times envious of them, love to smile upon her. With the art which she is mistress of, to set herself off to advantage by not grudging those that are her rivals, all the praise they can obtain from others, she acquires the surest and most pleasing empire. People think her a new woman daily, since that natural benignity

nignity she cannot but inspire, takes pleasure in adopting the least ornaments. Assisted by the counsel of her friends, she makes herself respected by them, as she wishes to appear their work. The esteem and deference paid her universally, that is to say, wherever she appears, enhances her inestimable value in the eye of her indulgent spouse, who is solicitous to make himself more worthy of her friendship and affection, by the constancy and ardour of his care. Her children, nurtured by her virtues, will not need to go in quest of any other model. She will qualify them to enjoy her own felicity. From day to day, more pleased, not only with herself, but every one about her, she will lead the happiest life imaginable in her youth; and when old age comes on her, merit the esteem and gratitude of those, to whose enjoyments she herself has such a length of time contributed.

The DAUGHTER. Oh, my dear, good mother, make me such a happy woman. Yes, for certain, I shall stand upon my guard against the most expert in flattery; and if ever my self-love should get the better of me, and obscure my reason, I will come for counsel to your prudence and affection.

UNEQUAL MATCHES

R U I N O U S.

THE truly wise man is happy : and in what are we to place true wisdom ? Though this piece is not designed to be a sermon, we assert true wisdom qualifies us for an everlasting heritage hereafter, by instructing us to be as useful to our fellow creatures as we can ; and he that labours to evince himself thus useful, is in this world happy, as he will be in the next. Philander was a man thus useful, and thus happy. He had made a fortune in the way of trade, and knowing when he had acquired enough, had some few years before the business mentioned in the following piece, retired from London, to enjoy the peace and privacy of an asylum in the country.

Eustace was his only son, a youth of eighteen years, or thereabouts, whose education was Philander's principal concern. Philander, among other instances of his philanthropy,

was

was used to visit the infirm or sick about him, and assist them both with medicines and money. Just about the time we are to speak of in this little piece, a nephew of Philander was come down, upon a few months visit to him, after having finished, at a university, his studies in the art of physie; of which circumstance, the good Philander thought he would avail himself, to make his visits to the indisposed more useful.

Eustace had a friend, the only son of Squire * *. This friend shall here be christened Ranger. Ranger had been sent to Paris, by his father, for improvement; and by accident, upon the very day when a particular, and rather novel festival was celebrated in the village where his father lived, came home.

Philander loved a sport called archery: his son had laid the ground-work of his education, at the public school at Harrow, where tis known the scholars every year go out a shooting. He had often spoke about it to his father, who, to gratify him, instituted such a pastime in his neighbourhood, and every year proposed a prize for those young fellows in the parish, who should use their bow and arrow with the most dexterity.

This annual day of trial, as I said before, was come about, when Ranger happened to return from Paris: his first visit was to Eustace, at his father's. He would hardly wait to be announced in form and order, by the ser-

vant man, but rushing in behind him, found his friend, together with his father and their visitor, the young physician, sitting in a parlour, and conversing with each other, on indifferent things.

Philander and his cousin were just going out, but Ranger's unexpected coming could not but detain them. Ranger entering, was first seen by Eustace, who sprung forward to congratulate him.

Ah, says he, returned so unexpectedly, dear Ranger! How rejoiced I am to see you!

PHILANDER. We scarce dreamt of having you among us on a day like this?

RANGER. Your shooting day, you mean? For my part, I had no idea of it till I got into the village.—But how goes it, my good sir, with you? (*to Philander*) and you, dear Eustace, likewise?

PHILANDER. Well, as usual.

EUSTACE. Always in good health.

RANGER. That's well: but, if I dont mistake, methinks you had your hats on when I entered: you were going out? Dont let me keep you here. We shall have time for conversation in the evening; so, pray use no ceremony, let me beg you.

PHILANDER. Why, the truth, indeed, is, I was saying to my cousin here, that we had time enough to make our circuit of the village, and return before the shooting match began.

RANGER. What circuit?

The

The PHYSICIAN. We are going, sir, to pay our morning's visit to the sick. I am upon a visit here, and knowing something of the art of physic, cannot be employed more worthily than in assisting my dear uncle's plan of liberality.

RANGER. 'Tis very well for you that are a doctor, sir: but though Philander has been used to such a business, why pursue it now when he has such a proper substitute?

The PHYSICIAN. Have you been long acquainted with him, and ask that? He buys the medicines I prescribe.

RANGER. Yes, yes; I know that is his practice: but to pay, is certainly enough: he has no need, as far as I can judge, to carry them himself.

The PHYSICIAN. Oh, he would give much less, were he content to send them by another.

EUSTACE. In reality, one ought to see the unfortunate, in person: there can be no other way of judging what assistances they stand in need of.

RANGER. Doubtless:—but to change the subject, I will see your sport.

PHILANDER. You will not be displeased, then, if I leave you for an hour, or so?

RANGER. By no means: treat me as you would your neighbour. In the evening, as I just now mentioned, I shall have the honour
of

of conversing with you ; and be sure, I have a thousand things to talk of.

PHILANDER. So I judge, and shall be glad to hear them ; but, at present, Eustace will supply my place, since you are pleased to let me quit you. (*To the Physician*) This way, nephew.

When Philander was withdrawn with the physician, Ranger entered into more familiar conversation with his friend, than he could possibly have done before Philander. He inquired who this physician was, and had for answer, what already has been mentioned. Ranger, while at Paris, never once forgot that Eustace had half settled his affections on a village maid, the daughter of a poor day-labourer. In the sequel, we shall see his reasons for remembering this affair. The subject of his conversation, then, with Eustace, was about this girl ; and he continued speaking, to the following purport : But you seem affectedly reserved, respecting Fanny ? Doubtless you still love her.

EUSTACE. How can I be changed in such a little space of time ?

RANGER. In such a little space of time ! Your notions favour strongly of rusticity, on the duration of a passion. And is Fanny, pray, informed you love her ?

EUSTACE. You will laugh at my timidity I know. For, twenty times have I resolvéd to tell

tell her of my passion, but failed always at the pinch.

RANGER. Why to be sure a peasant's daughter, sixteen years of age, is not to be approached but with a deal of awe.

EUSTACE. So innocence and virtue should be always: Fanny's situation has, however, nothing in it to be looked on with contempt by me, who hardly am of more exalted parents than herself.

RANGER. Love makes you very modest, Eustace. You forget, however, that between you there should be some difference, since you will, one day or another, be entitled to four thousand pounds a year.

EUSTACE. One must be very humble to be sure, not to seem vain of such a circumstance!

RANGER. How, very humble?

EUSTACE. Yes; since he who looks upon his fortune as the only meritorious thing about him, does not reckon much on any excellency of his heart or understanding.

RANGER. Your ideas, my dear Eustace, I must own, are quite romantic; and tis certain you were born to love a shepherdess: but, pleasantly apart, I should be glad could I but further your *amours champêtres*, as the French would call them. Tell me, does your plan still hold of going over to the Continent next summer?

EUSTACE. Such is the intention of my father. I am sorry for it, I confess. I shall not;

not, without much regret, forsake the place where I was born, and have been educated from my infancy.

RANGER. And you have no desire to visit Paris?

EUSTACE. Not the least.

RANGER. I know the reason. But suppose I were to tell you I could easily send Fanny over to you there.

EUSTACE. Impossible!

RANGER. But I am sure I could.

EUSTACE. Sure, Ranger! How?

RANGER. Ah! there's my secret. You have love and tenderness; I genius and discretion. But you shall not know my plan till it has prospered.

EUSTACE. But you jest!

RANGER. Jest, Eustace, in a matter of such consequence!

EUSTACE. I don't know how it is, but you have brought from France a certain something.

RANGER. Truly, I believe I am a little changed.

EUSTACE. Oh, much!

RANGER. As you will be. A six-months residence at Paris will enable you to move in style when you return, and fix in London with your father for the winter season. Paris is the school of fashion, where young people learn the art of living with eclat. Have horses, therefore, in abundance; take a box at every place of public exhibition, and play deep if you

you would wish to be frequented by good company.

EUSTACE. Good company!

RANGER. Yes, such as are distinguished by their rank and breeding.

EUSTACE. For their virtues, I should take it.

RANGER. (*With a tone of irony.*) Very well; and yet, dear Eustace, in your situation, one might wish —

EUSTACE. What, Ranger! the delights of your good company? Perhaps so, could I gain them by the least degree of inward merit; but by dint of keeping horses, playing deep, and so forth, to obtain them, would but little gratify me. No, no, Ranger, I will never make advances to associate with the man of fashion, if his virtue does not qualify him to improve me.

They were talking thus together, when a servant entered to inform them that in half an hour the shooting would begin. They wished to have a proper place for seeing, and repaired that moment to it.

Our intention now is to be turned on Fanny, who, as Eustace never had informed her of his passion, had, on her part, got a sweetheart. It was Andrew, a young lad, that year among the shooters. This had brought him into some acquaintance with Philander's servants, who, as we have said already, was the founder of the match; on which account he had an opportunity of getting Humphry, that was valet in the family,

family, to promise he would speak a word in his behalf to Mr. Eustace; his young master, whose authority with Fanny's father would do every thing in gaining the old man's consent to their immediate marriage.

To increase the merit of young Andrew in the eyes of Fanny, he was fortunately winner in the shooting match; which being over, and the company dispersed, Philander and his nephew, the Physician, both came home, when the ensuing conversation passed between them.

The delight expressed by these good villagers, said the Physician, charms me.

PHILANDER. In reality they seem quite happy.

The PHYSICIAN. That young man, called Andrew, in particular.

PHILANDER. A special reason why! He has obtained the prize: he is the hero of the day.

The PHYSICIAN. How must not you enjoy all this? — What happiness can be compared to that of a benevolent and wealthy gentleman, residing in the midst of those to whom he is for ever doing good!

PHILANDER. These inexpressible enjoyments of a feeling heart you may enjoy in your profession. Be human. Without humanity, the most accomplished of physicians does not half fulfil his sacred obligations. 'Tis his duty to commiserate the pains and illnesses he undertakes to cure. Compassion will conduct him to
the

the humble dwellings of the poor, deprived of all resource. Compassion will instruct him to employ the utmost of his art, and save him from a guilty negligence, or a discouraging severity. Compassion, as it were, will render him ingenious to discover means of strengthening such as are his patients, and inspiring them with hope, when fear and sadness, if it were not for his generous labour, would sit heavy on their souls. What a sublime profession, when tis worthily pursued! When the physician consecrates his skill, his being and his vigilance to suffering nature! Quackery and a ridiculous presumption make it frequently contemptible; but a compassionate physician, who considers his profession as a sacred obligation, is, no doubt, to be respected, and lays claim to all the gratitude and admiration of mankind.

The PHYSICIAN. Your generosity has furnished me the means of launching forth into a walk of life I look upon as preferable far to any other; and your admonitions shew me how I may attain distinction in it. Trust me, sir, your benefits and good advice will never be obliterated from my mind.

PHILANDER. Dear nephew, I rely upon your friendship: and the idea of that pleasure I shall have in your society at London, after I have been to France with Eustace, will go far in softening the regret I must experience when I quit this happiest of retreats.

The PHYSICIAN. You set off in July?

PHILANDER. For Paris, where we shall remain six months, and then return to London, so as to get there by Christmas. And, for certain, I can never make a greater sacrifice in favour of my son; for tis on his account alone I have prevailed upon myself to quit the enjoyments of a life so happy. His first youth has all been spent far distant from the tumult and corruption of a crowded town; but, with the fortune he will have, it is impossible but he must one day or another mingle with the busy world. It is my duty, then, to let him know it. I will carefully at least observe his conduct, serve him as a guide in his first outset, and direct him how to chuse some valuable wife. I am no longer young. Should I defer this business, I may not be able to go through with an affair of such importance to my peace; and these, dear nephew, are the reasons that induce my setting out so soon.

The PHYSICIAN. My cousin, I believe, regrets the circumstance of such a sudden resolution.

PHILANDER. I believe so; Eustace has the strongest inclinations to a country life. However, I suspect a secret cause contributes to attach him still more strongly to it.

Eustace, as is commonly the case with lovers, had afforded some slight intimations of his love for Fanny, which had been remarked not only by his father, but the Doctor also, who ac-
know-

knowledge he had just the same idea; Fanny, as he added, being so engaging.

I am strongly of opinion, said the father, Eustace loves her. And I do not doubt, remarked the Doctor, but that Ranger is his rival, or will be so shortly, so much was he struck just now with the appearance of this lovely girl.

Here Eustace coming in, the father said he was resolved to have an explanation, and the Doctor left them.

Eustace is sincere, remarked Philander to himself, and will return an answer to my several questions without any thing that can be called prevarication. Eustace, therefore, was no sooner in the parlour, than Philander thus began the conversation:

Eustace, I would use the present moment; being, as we are, alone, to have a little conversation with you. In the first place, then, inform me what you think of Ranger: his good father's friendship formed between this young man and yourself an intimacy, on the strength of which I never in my life placed any great reliance; and I fancy you begin to see already I am not deceived.

EUSTACE. I must, indeed, acknowledge, that to me he is become another thing.

PHILANDER. His Paris education has quite spoiled him. He has not a grain of what the French call CHARACTER: he has a narrow mind, and all the childish vanity peculiar to a narrow understanding. If you recollect, I told

you he would blush at the idea of bestowing a friend's name on any youth without the boast of birth. He makes you find it so : he grieves, and very likely humbles you. Such, Eustace, is the inconvenience of a friendship entered into with such people as are raised so high above us, when they have not any inward excellence : *that* only can preserve us from the fear of men's caprices and inconstancy.

EUSTACE. Beyond a doubt, sir, thanks to those inestimable principles I owe you, I shall never blush at the idea of my parentage ; and yet I should not have a strength of mind sufficient to put up with the disdain of others, notwithstanding their injustice. To avoid it, then, should I consort with none but those of my own rank ?

PHILANDER. No, Eustace ; for whatever worthy person should desire your friendship, he deserves it from you, let his rank be what it will : but always keep in memory what you are, a merchant's son, who owes his fortune in the world to a concurrence of the luckiest circumstances that perhaps were ever heard of : keep, as people call it, a good house, and have a plenteous table for your friends to come to ; but avoid all ostentation in your treats ; for if that opulence you have received from Providence should lead to arrogance, you will become despicable. And, with regard to people of high rank, I have one thing particularly to enjoin you ; and that is, to treat them uniformly

formly with the greatest possible politeness ; for no other way can you deserve and gain their estimation. Too much ease and liberty, instead of placing you upon a level with them, would soon make you know the distance in reality between you, by producing what I call a gross familiarity, and which you cannot possibly keep up, without forgetting who you are yourself, and shocking them.

EUSTACE. I know what necessary qualities simplicity and moderation are, and more particularly in my situation. You will always condescend to be my guide ; and I am bold enough to say, that, having such a provident instructor, tis not possible I should do wrong. But you have told me, that the only virtue of a youth is self distrust. Why, then, so soon expose me to the dangers of the world before my reason is sufficiently matured ?

PHILANDER. This modest apprehension does you honour ; but is this the only reason for your going hence with such regret ?—Why do you blush ?

EUSTACE. I cannot but acknowledge I am happy here.

PHILANDER. They tell me, (but I cannot easily believe it), that you notice Fanny. Is this true ? I cherish an opinion of your honesty and morals, that will never let me think you can have formed the infamous intention of seducing such a modest girl, and ruining the peace and satisfaction of a worthy family. No ;

You, the son of their protector, and whose conduct here should always be a good example for them, cannot possibly have meant so base a project.

EUSTACE. No, indeed, sir.—I respect her innocence; but have not, I must own, been able to resist the enchantment of her beauty.

PHILANDER. What, then, has your reason all the while been doing, that this passion which must unavoidably disgrace you —

EUSTACE. Unavoidably disgrace me, sir! —Why so? —When beauty is adorned by virtue, ought we not to love them?

PHILANDER. What, would you consent to marry Fanny?

EUSTACE. What else could I do? And, in reality, what distance is there between Fanny and myself, when every thing is put into the balance? —Can a youth, whose father was in business, be dishonoured by espousing, as I wish to do, the daughter of an honest husbandman? —She is both beautiful, and of an understanding not to be despised. If I love her, and she loves me, what, in the eye of reason, makes her a bad match?

PHILANDER. Her want of a becoming education. This is the most marked and real inequality that can exist among mankind. We should respect the different ranks established in society: tis pride, and not philosophy, that scorns them. He that in reality is wise admits them universally: he is a friend to order, and
will

will never look disdainfully upon the rights of birth or rank. I know, indeed, that what men call nobility is only an ideal exaltation; neither claims it more than an exterior deference from me, a vain formulary conduct, no less empty or unmeaning than itself: but that superiority which is entitled to our estimation, and extorts respect, is seated in the mind; and education only can bestow it. This advantage, Eustace, which you have, and which is not a matter of opinion, fashion, or agreement, among men, but, on the other hand, a solid and substantial good, will favour your admission to all companies, and, prejudice once laid aside, exalt you to an equal rank with every rational and thinking individual in society. You see, then, what a real inequality exists between this good young woman and yourself.

EUSTACE. Yes, I begin indeed to do so.

PHILANDER. I was sure you would be open to conviction. Tell me, my dear boy, would you make choice of any ignoramus for your confidant and friend; of one without the least degree of knowledge, such as men take pains to come at, and untaught and rustic in his way of speech, as well as in his manners? No.—And do you think the choice then of a wife is in itself a matter of less moment? One you never are to part with? One whose vice or virtue will occasion your dishonour, or contribute to your boast and glory? One, in short, who is to bring up all your children? — Wee to him,

him, who, in contracting matrimony, that indissoluble and respectable connection, thinks of outward beauty only in his bride. Severe repentance, and the scorn of those who know him, will soon after be his punishment for such a conduct.—But I see the servant coming. We are interrupted: I will, therefore, put off our discourse upon this subject to a time of future leisure.

He was right. His servant came to tell him Fanny's father was below, and wished to speak a little with him, but of what he knew not, though he judged his business of some consequence from his appearance, which was very melancholy, and from Fanny's situation; as not more than half a dozen minutes since he had passed by her door, and seen she was in tears. Philander, hearing this, went out, while Eustace, hemming to the servant, brought him back, and asked if Fanny had spoke to him?

THE SERVANT. O yes, sir; I am her confidant.

EUSTACE. How! — Well, then, tell me what she said? — What was the reason of her weeping?

THE SERVANT. That I cannot say: she would not tell me.

EUSTACE. But you say you are her confidant. What secrets does she trust you with? For heaven's sake, Humphry, tell me.

THE SERVANT. Oh, sir, secrets you are interested in, much more than you imagine.

EUSTACE,

EUSTACE. I?

The SERVANT. Yes, truly: she has told me every thing, because she knows you would be glad to do her any service; and because I, sir, have promised her my favour and protection.

EUSTACE. To the point, good Humphry.

The SERVANT. I shall make you smile I know. The poor girl's head is surely turned; and yet she is as innocent and artless as a new-born babe.

EUSTACE. Well?

The SERVANT. Well, sir, would you believe it?—she is over head and ears in love.

EUSTACE. In love!

The SERVANT. Yes, sir; and I could wish you had been by, and noticed how she blushed when she confessed it; how she twisted her poor apron, and purs'd up her mouth. I never thought her half so pretty as I did that moment. Any painter would have wished to draw her.

EUSTACE. And pray did she name him——
He that——

The SERVANT. Name him! — She would never have pronounced his name for all the world. I asked, and she would only answer, as it were between her teeth, from time to time, and very low, *Yes, Mr. Humphry. You are in the right, good Mr. Humphry. Thank you, Mr. Humphry* ——

EUSTACE.

EUSTACE. And at last?

The SERVANT. At last, sir, you would know who the gallant is, I suppose. — Fegs she has no bad choice—young Andrew.

EUSTACE. Andrew!

The SERVANT. Andrew:—he that gained the prize this very day:—a very pretty fellow! —One who never goes to tipple in the alehouse, but works hard to keep his mother and two sisters, and loves Fanny, I have reason to believe, with all his heart.

EUSTACE (*after having thought.*) And are you certain she loves Andrew likewise?

The SERVANT. Yes, quite sure, sir; and both she and Andrew, with their service, hope you will speak for them.

Ranger was by this time come to Eustace's; and as he wished to have a little conversation with him on the subject of what just before he had been doing, and (if we may here anticipate a circumstance) which had occasioned Fanny's tears, he came up stairs, while Eustace was soliloquizing to the following purport:

Fanny is in love with Andrew! With a peasant! — She was weeping! — Andrew, without any effort, has found out the way to Fanny's heart, while my attention to her has not once been noticed! — Ah! I see now what my father has so often told me, that, unless two minds are in exact conformity, love cannot possibly subsist between them. — He was going on at this rate when, as just now mentioned, Ranger entered

tered with intelligence that he had been hard at it ever since he left him. I have seen your shepherdess, said Ranger, and explained my scheme of carrying her to France; but you must absolutely speak to her yourself, for she is no less simple, as I find, than pretty.

EUSTACE. Let us drop this matter, Ranger. I shall think no more of Fanny; for my father has just now convinced me what unpleasant circumstances would result from such a passion.

RANGER. Really?

EUSTACE. Yes, really.

RANGER. Well, then, in that case, Fanny, when she gets to France, shall be for me; and I will take upon me to console her for your fickleness.

EUSTACE. But will the father, let me ask, consent to her departure?

RANGER. I may do, I think, without his leave.

EUSTACE. Do you intend to run away with Fanny?

RANGER. *Run away!* — You make me laugh! — We never use such words when speaking of a simple creature, such as Fanny. One may run away, I grant you, with an heiress, but we *carry off* a peasant.

EUSTACE. Good. In your idea, then, force takes another name, when exercised against the feeble. In the present case, I must acknowledge it appears to me that this abuse of force, together

together with this expectation of impunity, give it an air of baseness, that increases very much the enormity thereof.

RANGER. Again in your *heroics*!—Fanny was not born to grovel in a cottage. I will introduce her publicly, and make her fortune. These are, surely, no great crimes?

EUSTACE. But are you sure, you will be suffered to detain her even in France.

RANGER. Can you suppose, her father—

EUSTACE. Oh, her father, to be sure, a needy peasant, would have no great interest there: but you have heard of the *commercial treaty*, I suppose; by which tis stipulated that no criminals shall be protected in one country from the justice of the other; and I verily believe *my* father, out of friendship and regard for Fanny's, would pursue you, on the continent, and by his interest with the ministry in France—

RANGER. Yes, yes; I apprehend you: but the measures I should take would make her independant. I would get her entered as a dancer at the opera-house in Paris.

EUSTACE. As a dancer?—Fanny!—But you joke!—She does not know a single step.

RANGER. No matter. Tis a practice had recourse to daily.—An ingenious method of withdrawing a fine girl from all authority.

EUSTACE. Impossible; you do but jest.

RANGER. No, Eustace; on my honour.
—This same custom of inscribing at the opera
house,

house, young girls as dancers, notwithstanding they are ignorant of dancing, is established; and the motive, as I told you, is to free them from the authority of parents. I myself, while there, had two received as dancers, who had never figured even in a minuet. One was daughter to a milk-man, and the other's uncle (for she had no parents) carried water in a cart, to sell it. Both were very pretty, but not half so much as Fanny.

EUSTACE. Can the government of France ordain, then, that a sanction and asylum should be thus afforded to rebellious children. What, as I imagine, Ranger, tis pretended they are then the sovereign's servants, and enjoy beneath the wing of his protection, a sure refuge from the authority of their distracted parents? If such refuge can be had recourse to on the continent, thank God the case is not so here; and we are not, as yet, refined enough to be so wicked. Shall an infamous seducer be allowed to fix the girl he has deluded, and who, very likely, is but fifteen years of age, or even younger, in a place, whence her unhappy mother shall not find it possible to take her? No; or if so vile a practice can exist, it violates so grossly the most sacred rights of nature, that it must be, in the end, abolished.

Ranger was not born to bear these intimations: he was hurt at the idea; and his pride prevailed so much above his manners, that assuming, instantly, an angry tone of voice, he

bade young Eustace not forget whom he was talking to, and what he was himself.

I shall not, answered Eustace : and particularly, Ranger, the last part of your instruction I will always carefully remember. I will always bear in mind, and even with a secret satisfaction, what I am ; the son of a considerable merchant, whose integrity and industry have gained him what he has, and whose beneficence has merited a sort of public estimation ; so that *that* low envy which too many of our proud nobility are sure to swell with, at the sight of one who has *acquired* a property, is with respect to him, annihilated. Such, sir, is my father's moderation, in the use of what he has ! Whenever, therefore, any one shall angrily reproach me, as you do, with nothing but my birth, I shall defy their insults, and not think myself in any manner humbled. Though the blood that gave me life, is not illustrious, it is pure, and has transfused into my heart, a wish to cultivate good manners, with a love of virtue, and abhorrence of all vice.

RANGER. Ah ! ah ! good Mr. Eustace ! this becomes too laughable a matter to displease me ! You have got it all by heart !—I must acknowledge I am not your match ; but, then, I have not paid attention to a single syllable of all your *Gibberish* ; unless about your purity of blood, and your extream compassion for unhappy dancers, fifteen years of age ! Depend upon

it, you will meet with great success in Paris, whither you are going; and in London too, on your return. There will be no unfortunate young girls in either city, when you reach them. I see that; while we shall have a mark upon our forehead, and be branded as a pack of *infamous seducers*. I, for my part, have already got it, and my only safety is in flight. Farewell, dear Eustace, and dont think me spiteful; for, depend upon it, you have furnished me with such a pleasant story to relate, that I can easily forgive the singularity of the affair.

With this he was withdrawing, had it not been for Philander, who returning from the interview with Fanny's father, begged him not to leave the room, as he had something to communicate; but which, he said, he should not take the liberty of doing, but that Eustace was concerned therein. My farmer tells me, sir, you have proposed to carry off his daughter Fanny into France; and added, that my son had prayed you to concern yourself in such a treacherous business?

I, sir, interrupted Eustace? I persuade myself you will not credit such a foul aspersion. Mr. Ranger, if he made her the proposal, did it totally unknown to me. I did not hesitate to let him know my sentiments, when he communicated the affair to me.

This charge, and Eustace's defence, embarrassed Ranger. I protest, said he, I meant it

all in joke. Who would have thought the wench could have found cause to be alarmed at what I told her by the bye, and for a laugh? And even when I spoke to you upon the subject, Eustace, all I aimed at was to try you. Yes, believe me; for when all is said, I think as you do. Let me therefore beg, sir, you would undeceive both Fanny and her father. Upon this, he took a hasty leave, in evident confusion. This confusion Eustace could not but remark. At least, he seems, said he, by his embarrassment, to say he acted wrong. I wonder, father, you forbore to reprehend him.

My reproof, replied Philander, would have been quite out of place. To those who are, comparatively speaking, strangers to us, our reproof should be in the example we afford.

But tell me, sir, said Eustace, whether Fanny thought or not, that Ranger's project came from me?

No, no, replied the father; neither she, nor yet her father, could believe him; and the less, since Ranger spoke at first, as Fanny noticed, for himself alone; and did not mention you, till towards the end; and then without a word of intimation that you loved her. Fanny heard his base proposal, with those tears that innocence should shed, on being thus insulted; but with scorn too, and that moment went and told her father every thing.

I am informed, dear father, interrupted Eustace, Fanny is in love with Andrew. Let me

me give him, fir, a note of fifty pounds, I have up stairs, that Fanny's father may consent to make them happy with each other.

I applaud your generosity in this proposal, Eustace, said his father. 'Tis impossible for you to do a worthier action: and your recompence will be, the very deed of making, not one only, but two worthy families quite happy; and affording so much satisfaction to your father. Of your joy, I cannot but desire a share. I take upon me to discharge the wedding day's expences, and endow the bride.

And saying this, he went with Eustace, to inform the parties of his kind intention.

T H E

UNFORTUNATE

Y O U N G M A N.

EUGENIUS was the youngest of nine children; and his father, from a state of poverty, had raised himself to fortune. Wishing to procure his daughters, who were seven

in number, great alliances at court, and lavish every thing he had upon the elder son, he sacrificed Eugenius to his soaring projects. This poor youth was placed for education at a wretched boarding school, far distant from the capital, in which he would have got but very little learning, had not his great parts made up for that neglect, with which his worthless master treated him.

He had attained his sixteenth year, and was informed he must consent to take the gown; but this, by no means, suited him: he begged to see his father, hoping he might work upon him to forego his resolution: and to such an interview, the father, not aware of his intended opposition, gave consent. Thus, after ten years' banishment from parents and relations, he came home about the time his eldest sister was to wed a nobleman: his family, he saw, lived opulently, while himself, upon the other hand, was first of all received as if he had been in reality a stranger; and by them, as well as by his father, treated with contempt. He could not but conjecture what misfortune such a cold behaviour, of necessity, must end in; yet he spoke out boldly. Let, said he, a mediocrity of fortune be my portion. I will make it satisfy me; but attempt not on my liberty, dear sir, or force me into a profession I abhor.

His father, furious at these words, reproached him with the greatest bitterness. Your obstinacy will turn out your ruin, he began: Through

Through kindness, I will grant you time for meditation. I will send you into Yorkshire, where you have an aunt, you know. If in the space of half a year, you do not chuse to do as I direct you, I shall find out means to force you.

With this threat remaining in his mind, but stedfastly resolved, Eugénus went from London, and reached York. His affable behaviour soon procured him friends, or rather, I should say, acquaintances; of whom, some noting his facility and inexperience, got him to sit down and play with them, at first for trifling sums of money, which they let him win; but, in the end, they struck the final blow; and poor Eugénus was a loser to the amount of upwards of three hundred pounds, of which he had not *one* to pay.

He was in absolute despair, and wrote a letter to his father. All the answer he received, came to him through the mediation of a sheriff's officer, or bailiff, who arrested him for two years' board and education, books, and cloathing, due, as was pretended, to his master in the country. This was a collusion of the father's, who had brought the wretched master to assist him in it, under favour of that law in England, which allows the imprisonment of even children, for the articles of food and learning, if their parents will not pay such debts.

Eugénus was conducted to the county prison, and submitted, not supposing his imprisonment

ment for such a trifling debt as eighty pounds, could possibly last long. He was, however, fatally deceived; for not till twenty months confinement, was the prison door thrown open to him, but on one of these conditions; either to become a parson, or embark as a cadet for India.

I accept the last, replied Eugenius; happy to renounce a country where he had no parents or relations. He was sent, accordingly, to Portsmouth, where he went on board a ship, for India. It was thus, a father sent away his child, in hopes that war, or one of those diseases that destroy such numbers in the torrid zone, would finish his existence.

But the absolute reverse took place: his youth enabled him to bear excessive hardships, and his courage carried him successfully through danger. In a word, to shorten this recital by avoiding useless repetitions, in five years he made a handsome, not enormous fortune. He was now desirous of returning back to England; and his father, who for two years past had been apprized of his good fortune, now acknowledged him a son. He put his property on board a ship, and came away; but, in his passage, was attacked by a superior force, and with the partners of his voyage, taken prisoner, deprived of all his property, and landed at Bayonne.

For upwards of six months he was a prisoner, till a general exchange took place, when
he

he returned to Portsmouth, nearly in the same condition, with respect to fortune, as six years before, when he had first arrived at Portsmouth.

Utterly without resource or money, he remembered a good man, with whom, between the time of his arriving first at Portsmouth and embarking for the Indies, he had lodged about a fortnight: he enquired this good man out, made known his situation, and entreated board and lodging till such time as he could write a letter to his father, and receive an answer. Williamson, which was the good man's name, received him very kindly, till this answer was received, in which, the father, changing now his tone once more, informed him he should let him have no money, if he did not get immediately on board a ship then bound to India, and return without delay.

Resentment and despair at such an answer, had a visible effect upon his constitution: he fell ill, and was reduced, as every one imagined, to the last extremity. His host did not, in such a dismal state, forsake him; being always at the poor sick man's bed side. He had a daughter about eighteen years of age, who thinking what she did was nothing but compassion, shared in the employment of her father. Grace, which was her name, though born without the least degree of expectations, was much talked of in and round the neighbourhood

bourhood of Portsmouth, for her modesty and charms.

One evening, while Eugenius' life was utterly despaired of, Grace sat mournfully beside him on the bed, and contemplated with more tenderness than she had done before, the unhappy object of her sorrow. On his countenance was spread a death-like paleness. Youth still flourished on it, and made every feature more affecting. Both his eyes were shut, and as she thought, for ever: he had one hand out of bed, upon the quilt. *Her* hand, by accident, as she imagined, dropped on his; and finding it quite cold and motionless, she thought him dead. Oh, heavens! cried she, tis then all over with him! Poor unfortunate young man!—Fear, pity, and a something of much softer nature still, prevented her from saying more. She fell down senseless on the bed. Eugenius, at this moment, was in some degree revived, and opening his dejected eyes, the first thing he beheld was Grace, thus senseless by him. He, too, gave a piercing shriek: the father came; and Grace was brought, though not without some difficulty, to herself.

The unexpected scene was then explained; and poor Eugenius only came to life that he might yield his soul up to the soft emotions of that gratitude that now was to exist within him. It was thus, that on the very border of the grave, love joined for ever two unhappy souls. Eugenius, soon recovering, after this
gave

gave away entirely to the dictates of his love; and soon obtained the acquiescence that was necessary to his happiness. A secret marriage was the consequence. Eugenius looked for nothing from his father, further than the promise he had made him, and accordingly designed to sail again for India, with his wife, and Williamson: but matters could not be adjusted with such speed between his father and himself, as he desired; and Grace, by this time, carried in her womb, the testimony of his love. The affair became town talk: and fearing it might reach his father by some other person's means, Eugenius thought it best to write the following letter:

“ SIR,

“ BY your delay in sending me the money for my voyage, I must think you utterly renounce me. I am open to conviction on the subject of my first transgressions. Though my youth could not at that time work upon you to excuse them, I thought afterwards, a six years banishment would have effected something in my favour. But unmercifully left to perish by a father in my late indisposition, I have had the offices of love vouchsafed me by a stranger; and without renouncing him that has rejected me, I thought I might adopt another, whose beneficence has proved him worthy of a sacred title, notwithstanding he had not a penny of the gifts of fortune to bestow upon me. Such,
sir,

sir, is the man, whose daughter I have married. I beseech you, therefore, take compassion on me, and transmit the sum you promised me, upon condition of my exile. I desire no more; and when I turn my back on England, will not do it, without praying for your welfare, in a country whither I shall never now return.

“ I am,” &c.

This letter was productive of the dreadfullest effects upon Eugenius's father. It so shocked his pride, that it was utterly impossible his anger should not be inflamed; and to have married into such a family, was an offence that never could be pardoned. He was now of age, on which account no worthless master of a school was necessary; and Eugenius had so many creditors, that one might easily be found, who, for a sum of money in particular, would be induced to prosecute him with the utmost rigour of the law: to one of these, he had recourse; and once again Eugenius was locked up in prison, for one hundred pounds: his wife, who by this time was brought to bed, together with her infant, joined him: and the county-jail was now their wretched habitation.

From the depths of his despair, Eugenius cursed the fortune he was born to, and was always brooding on the means of vengeance, which continued for the space of fifteen weeks, or thereabouts, when he was told a messenger
was

was come to have a little conversation with him, from his father. From my father! said Eugenius. I have none; and saw his steward enter the apartment: he continued raving, but the steward earnestly besought him to be calm. I come, said he, to tell you something unexpected. While you have been railing here at fortune, she was working wonders for you in another place. Your brother died last week. My brother! interrupted, upon this, Eugenius. Hear me, said the steward, and God grant I may be made the minister of peace between you. You must know, your father can dispose of all his fortune as he pleases; but compassionating your misfortunes, he would give you the inheritance to which your brother's death promotes you, if you buy, he says, so great a benefit by unconditional submission.

Speak, sir, said Eugenius, with an air of irony: a father who will now acknowledge me, can never stipulate dishonourable terms. On this occasion, therefore, speak. You must abjure for ever, then, replied the steward, your degrading marriage, as your father calls it. Grace shall have a yearly sum of money settled on her, but both she and her young infant must remove at least a hundred miles off from your residence. Your wife must never give herself out to the world as such, or must your child be told who is his father. If these terms should be complied with, you will be

restored to favour, and your father's whole estate, upon his death, be put in trust for you, as long as you, on your part, never talk of having formerly been married.

Here, Eugenius interrupted suddenly the steward, crying out, enough, sir, I foresaw the terms you had to offer me; and, therefore, now receive my answer. I may be oppressed, but my esteem and value for a wife and infant, will enable me to suffer every thing, with pleasure, rather than renounce them. This is my determined resolution, which the universe shall never change: the steward, who was really a worthy man, as will appear more fully in the sequel, would have added something; but Eugenius would not hear him, and he left the prison.

After this, the father of Eugenius made no farther application, but determined he should lie in jail, as long as he could keep him there. Eugenius having no one friend to get him liberty, drew up an advertisement, which he put into the paper. It had this short preface: *To my country*; and went on as follows: "I am an Englishman, unknown, indeed, but innocent, and persecuted. I am shut in prison, for a hundred pounds. I am a father, son, and husband equally unhappy; and I throw myself upon the charity of those that read this advertisement. May their generous compassion be the means of my recovering that great blessing,

bleſſing, freedom, dear to every Engliſhman. Enquire," &c.

The effect of this addreſs was a ſubſcription entered into by the well diſpoſed, of ſomething more than ſerved to extricate Eugenius from his priſon. One of the ſubſcribers ſhewed him a particular attention; for, entruſted as he was with the ſubſcription, he had greater opportunities of knowing the injuſtice of his treatment. This beneficent and generous agent, took Eugenius with him to his houſe, and ſhortly after ſent him, with his ſpouſe, to overlook a farm he had at ſome ſmall diſtance from the capital. He lived there for two years, contented with his ſituation. His attention and unwearied aſſiduity, increaſed the produce of the land, and made him uſeful to his benefactor. In the interim, however, he attempted frequently to get into the ſervice of his country, but was always thwarted by the machinations of his father. He was ſo unfortunate, ſoon after, as to loſe his little ſon, and in the end, his benefactor. This event compelled him to forſake the farm, and live unknown with Grace, and at a greater diſtance from the capital, upon the labour of his hands. It was in Hertfordſhire he ſettled. His ability in agriculture, and the reſolution of his wife, procured them a ſubſiſtence. They engaged themſelves as ſervants to a wealthy farmer, and at laſt found means to get a little farm themſelves, in which they lived ten years, had ſeveral children, and

were happy, till an unexpected circumstance replunged them into new misfortunes.

For Eugenius's father, who had suffered for the year last past, a grievous malady, felt now some pangs of conscience for the treatment of his son. Religion, so replete with consolation for the dying man who has been upright in his life, could not but visit him with terrors, so that he resolved to make inquiry for Eugenius, and gave intimation to his steward of this resolution. Full of probity, and deeply interested in the fortune of Eugenius, he long made a useless search: but in the end, discovered whether he was gone, and wrote him instantly, the following letter;

“YOUR father is just dying, and desires to see you. Do not therefore hesitate, but fly into his arms, since he is anxious to make some atonement for the miseries he has occasioned you. Appear, then, with your family, and lose no time, since while I write, he is surrounded by a set of people, that beforehand are devouring, in idea, his inheritance and yours.”

Eugenius did not hesitate: the interests of his children rose within him to a higher point than his reflexions on the probability there might be of success. He sold his little farm and implements at any price he could obtain; and with his family, set out. When they had got

got to London, and were near the house, the steward met them, and informed Eugenius he had told his father he might soon expect to see his son. Last night, continued the good man, he suffered greatly, and this morning was so bad that he resolved to have the minister. He came, and is at present likewise with him : he has said so much in your behalf, that merely upon his persuasion has he sent to make his will ; and tis not more than twenty minutes since the notary arrived ; so you have not a moment's time to lose. With this, Eugenius, followed by his family, came in ; the father looking at him, raised his eyes to heaven, and held him out his hand. Eugenius fell upon his knees : the minister now thought his turn to speak was come ; and more particularly, as the sick man did not move his lips. Exert yourself, said he, let me exhort you ; and say something to your son ; the notary is here, and with one word you may establish the good fortune of a youth, who will for ever be unhappy through your silence. Ask of God the grace, that in the final moments of your life, you may repair the sorrows innocence has suffered through your fault ; and he will grant so just a supplication. At these awful words, the patient joined his hands, and lifted them towards heaven : he would have spoke, but at that moment a convulsion seized him, and he yielded up the ghost. Deplorable conclusion, whose idea only chills the soul with horror ! and a lesson profitable to

those fathers who can hate their children! He expired without a single step in favour of Eugenius. On examination, there was found no other will than that which he had written in the height of his resentment.

In the interval, Eugenius, who was now much more than ever to be pitied, saw too plainly the deplorable condition into which this last event would plunge him. He had still a little money left, with which he hired an upper room, and with his family got into it, that he might meditate upon the steps he was to take. His children, wearied with their journey, and as yet too inexperienced for reflection on their dismal situation, fell immediately asleep; but not Eugenius, he walked to and fro, and every motion indicated the disorder of his spirit. Grace, till now absorbed in sorrow, trembled for him, and began as follows: Miserable husband, into what a deep abyfs have I not drawn you! Had it not been for that fatal love which is your ruin now, you would be happy, but if both your wife and children—Children! said Eugenius; if my children!—we can easily endure our griefs, but have those little ones our reason—To stand by, and hear their sighings and complaints! no, no, it will be better—Trust me, Grace, we have lived long enough: our task is done: a moment may deliver us from misery; and my arm shall give you an example. At these dreadful intimations,
Grace,

Grace, who from necessity drew courage, answered : *Ma?* would you advise me, then, to outrage in this manner heaven and nature, and forsake my children? Would you have me show myself, at once, both barbarous and wicked? Hitherto, I have been but unfortunate; and should you doom me to the horror of surviving you, I will continue still to live for the advantage of your children. Some few tears, at this, came from Eugenius, which his wife beholding, seized so blessed an opportunity of bringing back his mind to virtue: and Eugenius saw the impiety of such a deed as he had meant to do. He was convinced, that nature and religion bade him live: his soul was in the end unconquered, but his body fainted under so much agitation. A devouring flame was kindled in his veins, and very soon a fever brought him to death's door. The wretched state of Grace was not to be described. On one hand, her expiring spouse; and on the other, her four children suffering all the misery of cold and hunger. In this situation, she implored the clemency of heaven, and at last desired that God would, in his goodness, with one blow conclude the sufferings of so many guiltless victims. Just about this time, as she was sitting by Eugenius on the bed, and looking at that face so altered and disfigured by the ugliness of death, and recollecting the preceding season of his youth, when in a nearly similar condition she had undergone those first impressions of a
passion

passion since so fatal to them both, this recollection all at once re-animated her affection: she griped fast Eugenius by the hand, and tenderly bedewing it with tears, cried out, Dear spouse, can you forgive me the unutterable misery with which my fatal love has for so long a time infected your existence. Ah! replied Eugenius, my last moments must, no doubt, be frightful, since I leave you with my children in the very depths of misery! But, were I to begin once more so painful a career as mine has been, I should make every sacrifice again which I have made already for your sake—As he was uttering these last words, the door was on a sudden opened. A young woman of not more than five-and-twenty, of a charming form, appeared; she went up to Eugenius's bed. A child of seven, or thereabouts, was in her hand. But neither the sick man nor Grace, absorbed as they were both in sorrow, noted her. Their grief alone employed them. I observe, said she, I have not in the least been misinformed. God grant I be not come too late. And you, my little dear, continued she, directing then her conversation to the child, who, while she spoke was weeping, carefully consider this apartment, and the affecting objects in it: let the recollection never quit your memory, and lay this purse here on the bed; approach it with respect. You ought to do so; and endeavour to be worthy of the sacred office I assign you.

You

You would wish to know, my friends, who was this charming and beneficent young lady. She was one, whose name I am not here permitted to make public; but she lives at Richmond. She has more than twenty times entrusted him that takes the pains to let you know this story, with the distribution of her charity; and to his knowledge, has distributed above a thousand guineas in this manner. In her father's life time, and he did but live to see her married, she had six score pounds allowed her; out of which, she laid out more than eighty in the work of charity, and with the other forty, found herself in clothes; which, owing to her excellent œconomy and skill, were always fashionable. To the knowledge of your editor, she was in general much better dressed at the expence of forty pounds a year, than many ladies who lay out two hundred. Having introduced this lady, it would seem a species of affront to her exalted goodness, should he be at the expence of many words to tell you that she finished her benevolent design, and made Eugenius with his wife and children happy. She has put them in a way of gaining their subsistence through the medium of their industry; and every day, without the knowledge of their benefactors, they pray for her.

A PEOPLE

A

PEOPLE CIVILIZED.

From FENELON.

OMniscient goddesses, immortal NINE,
That glorious seated round the throne di-
vine,

For ever tune the song, propitious deign
One sacred spark from your celestial fane ;
That not alone of earth, my feeble lay
Assisted by your might may scenes display ;
But lifted whither man yet never trod,
To fields of light the mansion of the god,
My spirit may ascend o'er earth's gross sphere,
And publish the great secrets likewise there.

By fate's decree, proud Troy in ruins laid,
And her fam'd walls a lonesome desert made,
The Achaian chiefs, returning o'er the main
With plunder ravished from the wretched plain,
By Jove pursu'd, for much the god deplored
His Troy laid waste by Atreus' vengeful sword,
Were,

Were, in his anger, doom'd to wander wide
Thro' various regions, and a length of tide ;
But chief Ulysses fam'd of all the host,
For eager valour, and calm wisdom's boast,
Was, for ten years, decreed to roam in pain,
Far from his faithful wife, and native plain.

The hero's fate to learn, his blooming son
Thro' the wide world prepar'd his course to run :
By filial love induc'd, at heaven's high will,
Patient to bear each toil and ev'ry ill.
From Ithaca, to Pyle and Nestor's sway,
Telemachus first bent his wat'ry way ;
To Lacedemon's port ; then, tempest tost,
To Sicily, and next to Egypt's coast ;
Where look'd on as a slave, and made to mourn
In bondage from life's first, best gift thus torn,
And doom'd to tend a cruel master's flocks,
His journey he began tow'rds distant rocks ;
Where turning on each side the cheerless eye,
But forests or parch'd tracts of sand could 'spy.
Along the tow'ring hills, a dreadful chain !
Whose overhanging steeps conceal the plain,
Eternal snows the dazzled sight surprise,
And clothe with pale effulgency the skies :
The unkindly flocks for pasture wander round
The sloping hills in vain and level ground :
No single blade of grass with lively green,
Nor sweetly flowing rill, adorns the scene :
And here and there alone, with scanty hand,
By nature scatter'd o'er the barren land,
From crannied rocks, the fold their wants supply,
And crop the thin repast they scarce descry.

The

The agonies to soothe, that pain'd his mind,
 He sought, at first, the converse of his kind;
 But sought it long, alas! with fruitless toil;
 The people round were savage as the soil:
 Till tir'd of life, nor strong enough to bear
 His wretched fortune more, and shun despair,
 As once, resigning his wont charge to stray,
 He wander'd careless whither bent his way,
 Desponding, and low prostrate on the plain,
 On friendly death he call'd to soothe his pain.
 When round him shook the hills; the wind for-
 bore

Its unrelenting rage, and howl'd no more.
 But ev'ry thing was hush'd; when thus aloud,
 With thund'ring voice, that issued from a cloud,
 Or pent within earth's secret womb, found way,
 These welcome words address'd him as he lay:

“ Offspring of Ithacus, if like thy fire
 To greatness thy young mind would fain aspire,
 By fortitude alone, express'd in woe,
 Illustrious as Ulysses, canst thou grow.
 'Tis destin'd thy lov'd shore thou shalt behold,
 And see the volume of thy fame unrolled.
 Remember then, how once thyself wast made
 In agony to groan bereft of aid:—
 The residue is clear—Jove's will I speak,
 Which ratified, the godhead dares not break.”

It spoke, and as the youth still lay supine,
 Reviving hope and joy the words divine
 Infus'd into his soul: nor knew he then
 Those terrors, which, when gods to mortal men
 Majestical

Majestical' descend, erect their hair,
 Or stagnate round the heart life's current there;
 But tranquilly he rose, outstretched his hands,
 And fervently adoring, pressed the sands.
 While powerful thro' his frame, quite chang'd,
 there ran

An energy that made him more than man;
 A source of wisdom, sacred and refin'd,
 Pour'd its celestial influence on his mind;
 And in his heart he felt a flame controul
 His youthful passions, and inspire his soul.

However, the dull hours to chase away,
 When his tir'd flock secure in covert lay,
 He coveted in vain the sweet resource
 Of reading to repel reflection's force;
 For 'though the blue ey'd Pallas' guardian care
 Had rais'd him by strange means, from late de-
 spair,

Yet posting with swift strides his restless mind,
 From converse with the wise too long confin'd,
 Relaps'd into new grief: and "happy those
 On whom," the youth cried out, "their fate
 bestows

This signal, this great boon, to me denied:
 Frown, though it may, yet still with this sup-
 plied,

And on rude coasts by shipwreck often thrown,
 A constant friend they find in books alone."
 With ruminating soul, thus sadly fraught,
 As once he chanc'd to roam, indulging thought,
 Close by a darksome shade, behold there stood,
 Half hidden and half seen, within the wood,

A venerable sage, whose thoughtful look,
Unheeding him, was fixed upon a book.

Unus'd, since first in this forlorn abode
Telemachus had dragg'd life's slavish load,
The face of men to see, except those few
That sharing his sad fate were captives too,
With wonder gaz'd the youth : his milk-white
beard

In shining waves below his waist appear'd ;
A silver hue had blossom'd o'er his head,
And graceful seem'd his stature as he read :
Approaching, the grave sage, with courteous
look

Saluted ; and his hand, thus greeting, shook :

“ All hail, my son,” he cried ; “ whence comes
it, say,

That thus in homely garb and mean array
Thou wanderst here ? for sure, thy looks confess
A birth superior to thy present dress.”

With swelling heart, he hasted to declare
The tale of his whole past and present care ;
Then thus, in turn : “ And thou, oh father,
deign

To say, why leaving some more social plain,
Thy steps encounter mine in deserts wild,
Where nature, with kind countenance ne'er
smiled ?

For sure not mortal features now I see,
Nor beams a human countenance in thee.”

“ With freedom ask ; nor answer be denied,”
Thus blandishing, the reverend seer replied.

“ Behold,

" Behold, my son, where half conceal'd from
fight,

In yonder grove appears a temple's height :

There ev'ry morn a sacrifice I pay

To Phœbus, the great god bestowing day,

And ever as the bleeding victims fall,

With sacred hymns for Egypt's welfare call :

Nor needst thou ask for whom, in prayer and
praise,

With each returning sun my voice I raise :

To great Sesostris' name th' Egyptians owe

This temple, sacred to the SILVER BOW."

He spoke, and as his steps the seer pursu'd,
The dome and porch, Telemachus soon view'd.

'Twas there the memory of past griefs forgot,

Residing, he long blest his happy lot;

For pious, strove the sage, with ev'ry care

To fortify his soul and chace despair.

His labour o'er when Phœbus fought the main,

And length'ning shadows dy'd along the plain;

Each ev'ning would he join the gracious seer,

And deem the moments slow till night drew near.

Close by some spreading holm their seat they
made,

While o'er them the pale moon her beams dis-
play'd :

Like Linus, the great sage, would pour the song,
In numbers that harmonious flow'd along.

No common theme he chose, but holiest lays

His tuneful lyre employ'd: he sung the praise

Of mighty chiefs deceas'd in virtue's cause;

The deathless patriot's meed; the bard's applause;

Th' immortal pow'rs of heav'n; and living name
Of men, who, scorning ease, fore toil'd for fame.
Well pleas'd to hear, the youth would drink his
lay,

And deem the night too swiftly roll'd away,
And stranger to soft sleep, so charm'd his ear!
Chide the swift wheels of time, when day drew
near.

With strong persuasion oft the seer would say
" My son, be bold; nor let affliction's sway
Thy manly mind depress; but in thy breast
Hope take up her abode, a constant guest;
For never Jove, if thou but crave his care
Shall press thee with those woes thou canst not
bear:

And lo! a deed which Jove himself inspires:
This solitude some forming hand requires;
That forming hand be thine—the god of day—
A bright example, points thee out the way.
Hear then what Phœbus did in days of old—
A story by Thassalian swains still told.

" In vain Apollo crown'd the labourer's toil
With fruits abundant, and with Ceres' spoil.
The Thunderer still from burning Etna drew
His flaming bolts, which high in air he threw.
Grim Vulcan's Cyclop train, whose toil supplied
The forked fates, could scarce the god provide.
With mighty force, hurl'd furious from on high,
They cleave th' impassive azure of the sky,
And darting down on earth destroy the plain,
And blast the promise of the labouring swain.

" The

“ This Phœbus saw, and vengeance long
forbore.

But wrath suppress'd inflam'd the godhead more:
At last, unable to restrain his ire,
Spite of the force of heav'n's almighty fire,
From high Olympus' top he wing'd his flight
Nor staid his rapid course till full in sight
Of Sicily he came; then ceas'd to soar,
And swift descending trod the guilty shore.

“ Approaching now in view the godhead came
Of burning Etna, white with liquid flame;
By fits the belching mountain roars within,
And echoing sounds return the dreadful din:
Aloft then borne vast streams in air aspire
Of glowing cinders and of fluid fire:
The flame, in dreadful sheets, invades the sky,
And neighbouring oceans to their bottom fry:
Within her scorching womb, the fiery god
The Cyclop train commands, who wait his nod:
On sounding anvils, pond'rous hammers fall,
The dreadful noise would human ears appal.
The train observ'd, as Phœbus now drew near,—
With many a dart transfix'd and many a spear
They strew the sooty cave: the god again
On sounding pinion seeks th' ethereal plain.

“ Him Vulcan follow'd straight, enrag'd to
view

The inflicted vengeance, and his prostrate crew:
The pow'r ignipotent with limping tread
To heav'n's high palaces in fury sped;
And instant, drawing nigh the Olympian grove,
With loud complaint invades the ear Jove:

The indignant father, with a whirlwind's force,
Precipitates the offender's headlong course;
Downward he fell; the rude Theſſalian hoſt
Receiv'd him exil'd on their ſheltering coaſt.

“Of all his rays thus ſpoil'd, the god of day,
For means of life and mercenary pay
Of king Admetus, join'd the menial train,
And fed his flocks, and led them o'er the plain.
With ſkill divine, his high deſcent unknown,
He touch'd the tuneful reed, whoſe magic tone
From all the country round compell'd the ſwains
To troop in crowds and liſten to his ſtrains.
Cloſe by the ſhady ſide of murmuring ſtreams
In ſilence they repos'd, while godlike themes
Flow'd graceful from his tongue; the ſylvan
throng,

Till then unpractis'd in the charms of ſong,
Had led a ſavage life, unknowing more
Than juſt to lead along their woolly ſtore,
To ſhear them, and to milk, nor leſs were found,
A deſert, all uncouth, the plains around.

“To ev'ry ſwain the godlike ſtranger taught
By golden rules, with ſtrong perſuaſion fraught,
What arts embellish life, and how the plain
Of honours half divine might boaſt again:
He ſung the various flowers that bloom in ſpring;
The perfumes ſweetly breathing from her wing;
The grateful ſhade, when Sol's declining ray,
In ocean ſunk, concludes the ſultry day;
The nightly zephyrs, pleaſing to the ſwain,
And fragrant dews that wet the thirſty plain;

The

The ripen'd fruits, that pouring from ber womb,
When ev'ry field is flush'd with golden bloom,
Reward the labouring hind : and next, my son,
Of winter's social ease the god begun,
When gathering round their hearths in converse
sweet

Their rural tales of love the swains repeat,
Or, summer's pleasing pastimes half renew'd
With song and mirthful dance the day conclude.

“ At last, the bard, with heaven instructed
tongue,

Of shady groves and murmuring rivers sung ;
The frowning woods that clothe the mountain's
brow,

Whose steep ascent ne'er felt the sharing plough,
And hollow vales, where, winding to and fro
In sportive streams, a thousand channels flow,
Existed in his verse : and teaching too
Each numerous charm of life, he set in view,
How blest the rural train, for whom her stores
Kind nature with large hand profusely pours.
Ye swains, he cried, the precepts that I give
Observe with prudence, and hereafter live
Unknowing every care, a horrid train !
That brood where cities spread their wide do-
main.

“ His words the shepherds with attention
weigh'd ;

They heard his counsels, and the god obey'd :
When soon their cots attracted in a throng,
So wond'rous the great force of heav'n born song !
Delights

Delights unmix'd; delights that never spring
 Beneath the splendid roofs that shade a king.
 On ev'ry side, were now in concert heard
 The tuneful notes of many a warbling bird;
 Or Zephyr's breath, soft blowing thro' the trees;
 Or dimpled streams, that curl'd beneath the
 breeze.

Divinely taught, they bend the stubborn bow,
 And stretch the panting stag in death below,
 Or bathe their supple joints with soft'ning oil,
 And scower the plain, and urge the racer's toil.
 So great the change, the gods themselves look
 down

With envious eyes on Theffaly's renown:
 A life so sweet, with greater joy seems stor'd
 Than all the bliss Olympus' hills afford.
 To quiet then their fears, and lest to men
 The golden age should wing her flight agen,
 Immortal Jove bids Hermes seek the plain,
 And summon Phœbus back, in heaven to reign."

Here ceas'd the sage his tale, and thus went
 on:

"Behold, my son, the magic pow'r of song;
 Be then instructed, and pursue the means,
 Like Phœbus, to make soft these savage scenes;
 Like him the charms of melody impart;
 Subdue the rough, and bend th' unpractis'd
 heart:

In all her native charms be virtue shown,
 Nor bounding here thy praise, make fully known
 In solitude how sweet are joys refin'd
 That recreate at once and form the mind.

While

While youth, and this thy servitude allow,
Relax with rural cares thy thoughtful brow ;
For oh ! too rapidly comes on the day,
When seated on thy throne with regal sway,
Unnumber'd cares, those birds that flap their
wings,

And haunt the morn and midnight sleep of
kings,

In bitterness of soul shall make thee wail,
The solid, the true joys, that here prevail."

With this, he stretch'd his hand, and, " take,
my son,

This flute," he cried ; " be now thy task begun.
The youth bow'd reverent, and in haste obey'd,
Receiv'd the gift, applied his lips, and play'd :
So sweet the sound, that soon o'er all the plain
Responsive echoes answering back his strain,
The nymphs and shepherds joyful troop'd along,
And came in crowds to listen to his song.
His voice possess'd a melody divine,
And all his bosom felt th' inspiring Nine,
Whose sacred influence prompted him to sing
The glowing charms of nature's dress in spring :
Whole days thus pass'd, and mindless of their
care

From ev'ry hut would all the swains repair,
And fix'd and motionless begird him round,
And lost in transport, hang upon the sound ;
And leave their flocks to roam where'er they
chose ;

And pleas'd, let slip the night and due repose.

With

With sacred homage oft they met to pay
 Their off'rings to the bounteous god of day;
 And close beside the temple took their stand,
 With laurel crowns and victims in their hand.
 The approving godhead listen'd to their strains,
 And yellow harvests crown'd the nodding plains.

Their worship o'er, the feast they then prepar'd,
 And rang'd their viands, and the banquet shar'd:
 Their bev'rage was the cool translucent stream,
 And milk of goats thick mantled o'er with
 cream:

Delicious fruits their sweetness would afford,
 And figs and raisins spread the verdant board:
 Along the flow'ry turf, dissolv'd in ease,
 The festival they shar'd, while tufted trees
 High over-arch'd above, held out a shade
 More grateful than what kings in pomp array'd
 Hard fortune that attends on all the great!
 Derive from gilded canopies of state.

But what conduc'd still more to spread his
 name

Thro' Egypt, and exalt his growing fame,
 Bless'd accident! was this—By hunger bold
 A shaggy lion once attack'd his fold:
 A dreadful carnage soon the beast began,
 And round him the wide purple torrent ran:
 Undaunted in himself, and bold of look,
 His only arms he gripes, his shepherd's crook,
 And resolute comes on: the savage rears
 His bristled mane erect, his throat appears:
 His rolling, his large eye balls darting beam
 With blood and flame beshot, a dreadful gleam.

He

He slaughters, yet not long the prey bestrides,
But lashing with a length of tail his sides,
Makes furious at the youth: he breathes a pray'r
To Pallas and great Phœbus' guardian care,
And disappoints his aim: by heav'n made strong
He lays the panting monster thrice along,
And thrice again he springs, provok'd the more;
The distant hills return his dreadful roar.
His next assault he waits, and rushing in,
Around him, with strong gripe, his arm to fling;
And straining, to stop up the valves of breath,
His youthful nerves prevail: he writhes in death.

A tedious space of time was now gone by,
Since first these gloomy wilds had heard him
 sigh;

When, with this conflict, rumour'd by the
 swains,

The tale of Egypt's wastes made smiling plains,
Sesostris' ear attain'd: he found it true;

The youth his deserts left, and stood anew
Before the monarch's throne: the monarch
 heard

The suit he had to plead, and truth appear'd.

With foldiers and with ships, a well arm'd
 force,

For Ithaca, the king ordain'd his course,

And now, already launch'd within the bay,

The armament prepares to cut its way:

Already in his mind the suitor train,

Oblations to just vengeance press the plain:

Hope lightens his whole breast: in wonder lost

He meditates his life so often tost

By

By fortune, and the sport of ev'ry blast,
To certain happiness decreed at last.

THE
V I R T U O U S
S E R V A N T - M A I D.

THE moral of the following piece is two fold, and diffusive in its application. How innumerable are not the examples of domestic discord, and too often ruin, owing to the infidelity of husbands! and what multitude of miserable women might not, in our streets, be every evening pointed out, who have in service been the victims to unlawful love. This piece, then, shows at once, the injustice of attacking virtue, in the vale of indigence, and really unhappy in the form of beauty; while it manifests the dangers that ensue from holding out a snare to conjugal fidelity, that frequently can be supported only by removing every species of temptation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Norton, dropping in one afternoon; upon a sort of visit to her daughter, who was married to a reputable tradesman in the city; had the following conversation with her. So, said she, I fancy you are going out. Pray do not let me hinder you, my dear. I came from Streatham, in the coach; which is to call and take me back; at four o'clock. You need not take your cloak off. I insist upon your going out, as you designed. Although, indeed, I wished to talk a little with you; but no matter: it will do some other time.

The WIFE (*Mrs. Norton's daughter.*) Oh; I have time enough at present to be with you, as I only mean to go as far as Mrs. Robinson's, where I shall sup: so, pray sit down, dear mother.—How do all the little folks do?

Mrs. NORTON. Very well: (*She sits down.*) I shall not keep you long. I come to tell you how they use me. Would you think it? Jane has told me to provide myself. 'Tis all in vain. I seek to use my servants kindly, and consider them as friends. I never can keep one; three months.

The WIFE. And what fault, pray, has Jane to find?

Mrs. NORTON. What fault! she says, she has not work enough: my easy service does not suit her constitution. She loves running up and down. Did ever any mistress hear the like?

The WIFE. Aye, just their way! On one
8 G hand;

hand, either too much work; or, on the other hand, not liberty enough. But we must all have patience, till things mend.

Mrs. NORTON. And how does Fanny please you?

The WIFE. Quite the thing, dear mother. She is very willing, works all day extremely hard, and neither likes to gad or gossip. One like her would just suit you.

Mrs. NORTON. Well, let me have her, then; and I will give you Jane. We shall be both a great deal better for the change. Besides, if I must tell you, Fanny is too young and pretty for a public shop; and then, your husband likewise,—he is very young, and no one can pretend to——

The WIFE. Do you think so?—Well then, that's the thing I should be glad to learn; and for that very reason, you must know, I first took Fanny.

Mrs. NORTON. What! I don't quite understand you.

The WIFE (*looking towards the door.*) No one hears us. This is my idea. I believe my husband loves me, and would not desire to wrong a wife that loves him in return, as much as I do, and performs her duty. But then, mother, without fishing for a compliment, I think I may profess myself not over pretty. How do I know but some day or other, and that very shortly too, my husband may think fit to cast a
loving

loving eye upon some woman in the neighbourhood,

Mrs. NORTON. And to prevent it, do you hire a pretty maid to wait upon him? Are you really turned fool?

The WIFE. Have patience; for I have not told you all. You know, I cannot follow him wherever he thinks fit to go. Well, mother, having such a pretty maid at home, I can determine to what point a woman's beauty operates upon him; and provided he should play the fool with Fanny here, I shall be sure he does the same abroad, and then can regulate accordingly, in future, my behaviour.

Mrs. NORTON. Ah, dear child, you are about to do a very foolish thing; and risque your happiness, by thus endeavouring to find out if you have any cause to be unhappy.

The WIFE. My good man, you know, has been extremely well brought up; and entertains a sense of honour.—Do you think, a servant—

Mrs. NORTON. Do I think a servant?—Yes, I think a pretty servant is a pretty servant, and will always be so. A stuff gown, but suited to the shape; a muslin handkerchief that hides the neck, but shows its form; a countenance on which both youth and modesty diffuse their roses, very often put the maid before the mistress. Then too, for a man so young as Mr. Blandford to have such a servant constantly before him;—oh, a very Joseph could not

answer for himself. So, pray forget your foolish project: give me Fanny, and do you take Jane. She is as ugly, in all conscience as she need be; and with me your Fanny will be sure to run no risque.

The WIFE. Your reason for this change you recommend me, mother, may be very good; but, having some time since determined on this trial, things are gone too far, by this time, to admit of alteration.

Mrs. NORTON. What, do you suspect your husband, then, already?

The WIFE. Yes, truly do I, since tis necessary to speak out. He has already shown such partiality for Fanny, that I fear the worst.

Mrs. NORTON. One reason more for sending her away.

The WIFE. It may be so, dear mother; but, at present, I am set upon discovering to what point he will pursue the matter.

Mrs. NORTON. Once more, then, you are a simpleton.

The WIFE. I thought I should be called so; but my jealousy is very great, and I shall know my fate this very night.

Mrs. NORTON. How so?

The WIFE. I am to sup at Mrs. Robinson's, and that without my husband; notwithstanding I said every thing I could to get his company, informing him I would not otherwise go out myself: he would not grant me either; and I grievously suspect, this very night he means to take advantage

vantage of my absence, and be free with Fanny. I consented seemingly to pay the visit; but shall stop upon the way at Mr. Ford's, where I design to stay a little, and come home at dusk, unlock the garden door, and get into my little closet here, which opens, as you know, into the garden. It is Fanny's bed room, and we sup in this back parlour. So to-morrow I shall come to Streatham with fine news, I warrant you.

Mrs. NORTON. Do just as you think proper; but if any harm comes of it, all the consolation I can give you is by saying you have well deserved it.

The WIFE. Be it so: I take that risque upon me.

Mrs. NORTON. What imprudence! Well, good bye. On second thoughts, I think it will be best for me to go to Charing Cross, and do a little business at a house the coach will pass. Good night, once more.

The WIFE. Good night, dear mother.

Mr. Norton, upon this, went out; and Mrs. Blandford, calling Fanny, told her she was going out to supper; adding, that her master would as usual sup at nine o'clock. That she herself should not be home till near eleven; so that you, said she to Fanny, if you please may go to bed at ten: but let the fire be burning in my bed room. Fanny promised every thing should be exactly as her mistress wished; and Mr. Blandford coming in, his wife in joke re-

marked upon his crusty temper, as she said, in making her go out alone. He told her, he was sorry for it; but not being well that evening, would sup very early, so that on the morrow he might rise, as usual, and be fit to go about his business. Mrs. Blandford, upon this, went out and left her husband in the room with Fanny.

Fanny, said her master, what are we to have for supper?

FANNY. Sir, you know there is the fowl that was not touched at dinner; and my mistress has sent out to buy a plate of peas.

The HUSBAND. But are they ready?

FANNY. No, sir; but in half an hour they will be shelled.

The HUSBAND. Well then, Miss Fanny, I for my part do not wish to have them. I have no great stomach; and the fowl, I think, will be sufficient for us both. But what will you have, Fanny?

FANNY. I, sir?

The HUSBAND (*drawing near her.*) Yes; I mean to ask if you are hungry?

FANNY. Oh, sir, as for that, no matter. There will be enough for me, when you have finished.

The HUSBAND (*taking hold of Fanny by the waist.*) What a charming shape! but how is this, dear Fanny, you have no stays on, I think?

FANNY. No, sir. I never wore such things: they

they cost too much ; and if they did not, sure a leather boddice will do well enough for me.

The HUSBAND (*holding Fanny while she struggles to get from him.*) A leather boddice ? Yes,—yes truly !

FANNY. Pray, sir, let me go.

The HUSBAND. You need not be afraid, dear Fanny. Be assured I will not do you any harm. How many fashionable ladies would be glad of such a shape, such a complexion, and such teeth !

FANNY (*getting from him.*) You jest, I think, sir. Fashionable ladies are so rich, they cannot want for any thing.

The HUSBAND (*looking hard at Fanny while she lays the cloth.*) O, you are in the wrong, dear Fanny. Every woman would be pretty ; and I think I never saw one prettier than you.

FANNY. In that case you don't look at many women. I myself see many prettier every day go by the shop. (*He wants to play with her.*) Well, sir ?

The HUSBAND. You have a handkerchief about your neck, too thick ! and this pin here is much too high !—Stay, stay ; I am afraid—(*he attempts to take it out, but Fanny gets away again.*)

FANNY. Pray none of this behaviour, sir ; or I will leave my work, and go into the kitchen.

The HUSBAND. And why, Fanny ? Where would be the harm, if you should let me see the

the charms that cruel handkerchief conceals? You should indeed be modest; but have no occasion thus to hide your beauty. It would be ungrateful.

FANNY. Oh, for my part, I could never understand fine speeches. I am sure, my handkerchief is what it ought to be, and shall be always so.

The HUSBAND. My dearest Fanny, if you did but know the impression you have made upon my heart!

FANNY. Again, sir! Once more, if you will not leave off talking in this manner, I will go into the kitchen, and not wait upon you.

The HUSBAND. Well then, Fanny, I will do as you desire me; and not speak another word to plague you. But however, on this one condition, that you keep me company at supper.

FANNY. Oh, yes, that, sir, I will do with all my heart; provided you will promise not to teaze me. I will stay and give you every thing you want.

The HUSBAND. Oh, no; I dont mean that,

FANNY. What then?

The HUSBAND. That you should sit down here to supper with me.

FANNY. Oh, I hardly think I shall do that. It would be very fine indeed for me to do so, that am nothing but a servant!

The HUSBAND. When my wife is not at home,

home, then, charming Fanny, you are not a servant; for your beauty makes you in my thought a mistress. (*He catches hold of her.*) Fanny, I adore you.

FANNY (*struggling to get away.*) Is it possible?

The HUSBAND. Yes, Fanny, I adore you.

FANNY (*getting from him.*) Oh, dear me! (*crying.*)

The HUSBAND. Well, Fanny, where would you be going?

FANNY. Any where. Into the street, sir, where I shall be safer than with you.

The HUSBAND. Well, I have done. Upon my honour.

FANNY. Should you talk to me again in such a way, it shall be the last time.

The HUSBAND. No, no; you may depend upon it I have done. I'll go up stairs and pull my wig and shoes off.

Mr. Blandford, upon this, went out; and Fanny talking to herself debated on her situation in the following manner. Is it possible, said she, I cannot find a service where the men will leave me to myself! This last torments me just as much as that perfumer I was forced to quit last spring; and this is the third place I shall, (at least I fear so), be obliged to go from, on the same account! If I am somewhat pretty, 'tis a great misfortune to me, since I cannot get an honest livelihood. And yet I have endeavoured to engage with worthy folks, and constantly

stantly been told, that those who hired me were so.—Should they endeavour thus, then, to seduce a servant, who has nothing but her character to live by? Well then, if I find myself obliged to leave this family, I will return to Hartford, and resume my former trade of washing. I shall find it more fatiguing; but my person will be safer. Ah, how difficult I find it to be honest in this wicked city! In the midst of this soliloquy, she saw her master coming in again, who had been putting on his velvet cap and slippers. As he entered, Fanny would have gone out of the room, but Mr. Blandford asked her, if she did not recollect what he had promised her.

FANNY. Yes, sir; but I am going for another knife: this is not sharp enough.

The HUSBAND. Go then; but make haste back, and do not fear me.

Fanny left him for a moment; and her master, sitting down to table, thus expressed himself: This girl, said he, will turn my brain, and make me do some foolish thing, unless I take a deal of care! What freshness of complexion! and what well-turn'd limbs! she cannot but look very pretty in a nightcap! But, poor girl; with so much reason to be vain, how virtuous she appears to be! and would it not then be a gross proceeding, an unpardonable species of brutality in any one to undermine her virtue, as I wish to do? Yes, doubtless. She is notwithstanding pretty!—Ah, dear Fanny, how shall I resist,

resist, and have you always in my sight? I know not; and must think about it.

Fanny entered with another knife; and Mr. Blandford, after some short pause, began again, as follows: So then, Fanny, you will not sit down to supper with me?

FANNY. Oh, have done, sir, with such nonsense: you can hardly think I should do such a thing.

The HUSBAND. Say rather, Fanny, I think too much of it. Yes, I am at all times thinking of you with the greatest pleasure.

FANNY. If the intention of your doing so is only to disgrace me, you had best not think of me at all; or else I shall be forced to give my mistress warning.

Here they overheard a rustling in the closet, which was caused by Mrs. Blandford's coming in, as she designed; and Mr. Blandford, rather frightened, asked what noise that was?

When Fanny said she did not know, but fancied it must be the cat, who very often used to jump upon the penthouse in the yard.

The HUSBAND. Yes, it was such a noise indeed: but Fanny, it appears then you will not consent to hear me. Go, I love; but though I love, esteem you: and I wish—I will, however, go to bed betimes. You need not stay up for your mistress, Fanny.

FANNY. No, she told me so, sir. I shall notwithstanding that, sit up.

The HUSBAND. No, no. She will be angry
if

if you do. So take these things away, and go to bed. You have been all day long upon your legs, and must be tired; I know it.

FANNY (*taking away the cloth.*) Not at all, sir; and besides, if it were so, it does me good, and after all tis nothing but my duty.

THE HUSBAND. Go to bed, I tell you: but as I intend to rise betimes to-morrow, leave this door unbolted; so that I may enter, and not wake you.

FANNY. Oh, sir, I am sure I shall be up before you.

THE HUSBAND. But why so? I shall get up, perhaps, before tis day light.

FANNY. Well, you will be pleased to knock then, sir.

THE HUSBAND. Fanny, you distrust me still; I see that plainly. You are in the wrong to do so: but good night. Go you to bed, and I will do the same.

With this her master went to bed; and she was very happy to be thus rid of him; when in expectation of her mistress's return, as she was stepping forward towards the closet, thinking to prepare her bed, who should come out that moment but her mistress! Fanny was just ready, in her fright, to give a shriek; but that her mistress held her mouth, and told her not to be afraid. I came, said she, into the closet through the garden, and put on my night clothes, without making any noise. I need not tell you, I have heard enough that I should
appre-

apprehend, your master means to pay you in the night a visit.

Do you think so, madam? answered Fanny: but I promise you, he shall get nothing by it.

I have no suspicion of your virtue, Fanny, said her mistress: notwithstanding, for your safety, and that I myself may have an opportunity of telling him I know his pretty tricks, do you pull off the mattress from your bed, and put it down upon the ground, to serve yourself. I mean to take your place; and if he comes, let me alone to deal with him: depend upon it, he shall have a proper answer.

Fanny answered, she could not pretend to contradict her, in whatever she might think was proper to be done: but added, it would grieve her to be made the cause of any difference between them: but that to prevent it, if she could, she would much rather leave her place, and seek another service.

No, said Mrs. Blandford, you shall not, at least you shall not now be forced to leave me, my poor girl. So do as I directed you, and I will lay down on the bed, as I am now with all my clothes on, just as if 'twere you upon the watch, till I should be come home. But first, I will take care to put the light out, so that should my husband come down stairs he may not have a doubt but that 'tis you.

The servant thought her mistress's design and plan were excellent; and, being cautioned not

to speak a word, witherew into the closet, having light sufficient through the casement to lie down by.

Ah, dear husband, (after Fanny had retired,) said Mrs. Blandford, should the notion take you to come down again, as I have reason to suppose will be the case, you will be finely hampered. You will have no opportunity, in that case, to deny the fact: and I shall know in future what I ought to trust to. You will call me jealous; but unhappily, if I should have good cause to be so, what will you say then? Attack a servant! — How I tremble at the thought! — Tis not impossible indeed, but that this scheme I have contrived to hit upon, should turn out bad: no matter, I shall know thereby, at least, what steps I am to take in future. Let me put the bolt back, so that, should he think of coming down, he may get in without my seeming to awake, as if I were the maid. — There; he may easily come in, and when he pleases. — So at present I have nothing in the world to do, but put the candle out: — Which Mrs. Blandford did accordingly, and then lay down on Fanny's bed with all her clothes on. If, said she, I could imagine he would not come down, I might in that case go to sleep. — But how, on second thoughts, could I do that in such an agitation, as at present I am in? — I fancy, — (*she hears a noise*) I am not deceiv'd; and he is at the door! The faithless man! I hear him plainly.

Mrs.

Mrs. Blandford, as it seems, was in the right. He had by this time entered the apartment; and, approaching very nigh the closet door, began as follows: Fanny! Fanny! are you yet asleep?

Mrs. Blandford, imitating Fanny's voice, made answer: It is you again, sir? if you do not go up stairs immediately, depend upon it, I will cry out murder.

The HUSBAND. Be assured, my dearest Fanny, I am not come here with any bad intention: so pray do not be afraid: but hear me. I desire, before my wife comes in, to talk a little with you. I may not have such an opportunity to-morrow.

The WIFE. Well, and what have you to say, sir? speak; but come not near me.

The HUSBAND. No; I will not; therefore hear me at this distance. I have thought on what has passed between us: on your modesty and poverty, which makes that modesty much more respectable; and far from wishing now to undermine your virtue, I would put away, if possible, the bad idea you have very likely formed from my behaviour. I confess your beauty has, of late, much tempted me; but what I owe myself, your mistress, and you, Fanny, has prevailed, and made me baffle the temptation. You must know, however, I have not sufficient strength of mind to combat every day, and overcome the influence of your charms. Your mistress has been much to blame for her

imprudence in exposing me to danger, by agreeing to receive you as her servant. I forgive her notwithstanding, since she could not think, however pretty you might be, I would be false to my fidelity : So, Fanny, as I cherish and esteem you for your modesty, I will persuade my mother to receive you as her maid instead of Jane, who does not like her place, and will do very well for us. With her, your virtue will be safe from danger ; while, for my part, I shall then recover my tranquillity.

The WIFE (*springing off the bed, and in her natural tone of voice.*) Who would have thought it ? Let me kiss you, my dear, sweet, good man.

The husband, taking her for Fanny, was proceeding to reprove such forwardness, when Mrs. Blandford interrupted him, and said : No, no, it is not Fanny, but your wife herself, whom you must be so kind as to forgive the wrong she did you, in suspecting your fidelity ; and thus exposing you to a temptation, whose event, while she is speaking, makes her, she acknowledges, the happiest woman in the world.

The HUSBAND. And is it you then, my dear spouse ? To how much danger might not your proceeding have exposed me ?

The WIFE. To how much indeed ! but your deportment makes you dearer to me : and will gain me, as I hope, forgiveness for my jealous notions. Think, however, it was love those jealous notions sprung from.

The

The HUSBAND. Do not praise too highly my deportment. I will not appear a tittle better than I am ; for, what should I have been without the modesty of Fanny ? In a word, dear partner, it is she you are to thank for every thing. Her virtue kept me from offending.

Mrs. Blandford, upon this, bade Fanny show herself. She came directly from her hiding place ; when Mrs. Blandford told her, she might be assured that, for the future, both her master and herself would strive to do her good. Tomorrow, she went on, shall you be settled with my mother, and well recommended to her.

Ah, my dear, good master, and kind mistress, answered Fanny, how rejoiced I am, that every thing has ended to your satisfaction ! Now it is you prove yourselves both worthy people !

Here the matter ended. Fanny went to bed, as usual, in the little closet ; and her mistress left the room, with Mr. Blandford. They retired to rest ; and never afterward did any discord rise between them, on the article of jealousy.

T H E

DANCING MASTER'S BALL.

*Miss LUCY HARLOW and Miss SOPHRONIA-
WILHELMINA-JOSEPHA MUSHROOM.*

Miss HARLOW.

YES; so my father told me.

Miss MUSHROOM. Father, miss? I thought young ladies said papa.

Miss HARLOW. Oh, no.

Miss MUSHROOM. Ours do, however.

Miss HARLOW. Yours! and who are they, Miss Mushroom?

Miss MUSHROOM. Those I go to school with.

Miss HARLOW. Is your school in London?

Miss MUSHROOM. Yes, in Popping's Alley, near Fleet Market, at a chandler's shop.

Miss HARLOW. A chandler's shop?

Miss MUSHROOM. Yes, miss: I mean the lower part is such a shop; our school is on the second floor.

Miss

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Miss HARLOW. Tis plain your governess knows nothing of gentility.

Miss MUSHROOM. Oh, yes, indeed she does. She has a board that sticks out thus: (*Describing it with her elbows jutting out, and her fore fingers meeting in a point,*) on which is wrote, in fine gold letters: YOUNG LADIES GENTEELY EDUCATED.

Miss HARLOW. Do they call the children ladies, that go there to school?

Miss MUSHROOM. Yes, every one.

Miss HARLOW. And can you tell me of what business, any of the parents, are, that send their children thither?

Miss MUSHROOM. Yes, at once. First; there is Miss Amelia Medler and her sister: their papa sells greens. Then, Miss Maria Cleaver, at the butcher's shop in Fleet Street; and a dozen others as genteel as they are.

Miss HARLOW. Well, believe me, gentle-folks are never called papa, mama, or any thing of that kind, by their children, but plain father, mother, and the like: they are as plain in that respect, as in their clothes.

Miss MUSHROOM. As in their clothes? and do you think, my dear Miss Harlow, I am plain, as you express it, in my clothes, whenever I go out a visiting?

Miss HARLOW. You should, as you are such a creditable tradesman's daughter. Oil and pickle-men, my father says, are generally
very

very rich ; and I should think you the genteel child of any at your school.

Miss MUSHROOM. Yes ; my mama is often telling me as much : but are you serious, miss, in saying ladies always wear plain clothes ? Do you ?

Miss HARLOW. Yes, miss.

Miss MUSHROOM. But what ?

Miss HARLOW. Why, nothing but a cambric frock and sash.

Miss MUSHROOM. And never have your hair dressed ?

Miss HARLOW. Never.

Miss MUSHROOM. And no feathers ?

Miss HARLOW. Never.

Miss MUSHROOM. And do no young ladies wear such things ?

Miss HARLOW. No, if their parents are genteel.

Miss MUSHROOM. Ah, I am glad you tell me this ; for my mama shall henceforth give me nothing but plain clothes. I shall be more at ease, if she will do so.

Miss HARLOW. More at your ease ! How so ?

Miss MUSHROOM. Why you must know, Miss Harlow, I was this day sennight at our dancing master's ball ; and my mama, to make me elegant as all young ladies should be, overloaded me with finery, in such a manner that at night I was rejoiced, when I got home to rest myself.

Miss

Miss HARLOW. Tell me the whole from first to last : how you were dressed ? and what diversion, during the whole night, you met with ?

Miss MUSHROOM. Dressed ! and what diversion ! I was never in my life so fine before, or in such pain.

Miss HARLOW. Well, tell me regularly ; and begin the story with your dress. What had you on ?

Miss MUSHROOM. Oh, I must give you first of all the history of the day before. Mama began at night to put my hair up into papers. I, for my part, was delighted with the notion of a ball, as I had never been at one before. Alas ! I did not know what it would prove ! I had been only told about the dancing, and the cakes, and lemonade, and orgeat, and nice things, I should have given me. I desired no better, and with great impatience waited for the happy day, which came at last, and my mama prepared to dress me.

Miss HARLOW. Well ?

Miss MUSHROOM. I had a cushion, in the first place, put upon my head.

Miss HARLOW. A cushion !

Miss MUSHROOM. Yes ; and it was fastened to my hair beneath it, with large pins, as long as this : (*describing a certain length*) and then, upon the cushion, there was placed a plenty of false hair.

Miss

Miss HARLOW. Why you had surely hair enough!

Miss MUSHROOM. No matter if I had. Mama said she would positively have me better dressed than any in the ball room, when I once got there. And thus the cushion and false hair, as you may easily imagine, made me up a monstrous head already. But on that, came next a huge-sized hat; and on the last, a deal of gauze and ribbands, and on them, a bunch of flowers; and on the flowers, at least six feathers sticking up, of which the least was two feet long.

Miss HARLOW. But how, pray, could you walk about the ball room, under such a burthen?

Miss MUSHROOM. To say truth, I could not. I was totally incapable of stirring; neither could I move my head. The least position on one side would certainly have made me lose my balance.—Then they finished dressing me; I had a steel-ribbed pair of stays that almost took away my breath. A cork rump was applied behind me; and before, a handkerchief puffed out like a balloon; and over all, a cambric frock, that made me look exactly like a shepherdess they said. When this was done, our shopman carried me to Kensington, near London, where the ball room was, and said: Take care you do not, when you dance, disturb your hair, or rumple your new frock, and be as merry as you please.

Miss HARLOW. And could you dance?

Miss

Miss MUSHROOM. Dance! I could hardly walk: however, *that* you are not come to yet. The dancing master showed me to a seat, where he desired me to sit till some young gentleman should ask me out. I waited long enough. I looked so sorrowful, that no one thought I had the least desire to dance. At last, however, I was taken out; but when we got into the middle of the room, the place was filled already by another couple; so that I returned quite disappointed to my seat.

Miss HARLOW. But what meant you, when you said the place was filled already by another couple?

Miss MUSHROOM. Why I found that those young ladies who ran best, danced most.

Miss HARLOW. Such ladies very possibly as go to school in Popping's Alley, may; for had they been genteely educated, as you say is mentioned on your governess's board, they would have known how impolite it was to keep their friends from dancing.

Miss MUSHROOM. Oh, I found them worse than impolite; for they were cruel, and burst out laughing, when they saw me sitting in such pain.

Miss HARLOW. Oh, fie upon them!

Miss MUSHROOM. I was certainly ridiculous, but quite uneasy: should they not have pitied me, Miss Harlow?

Miss HARLOW. To be sure they should;
but

but tell me, had the rest cork rumps on, and such other fineries as you had?

Miss MUSHROOM. No.

Miss HARLOW. Then let me give you some advice; which I can do, as I remember what my dear mama is often saying to me; that plain clothes are best for children. You will see how I am dressed, while you continue here upon your visit. None but parents that know nothing of the world, says my mama, bedizen out their children just like painted dolls in toy-shop windows. So that when you go to such a ball again, get your mama to dress you in the plainest way she can. You will be then not only more at ease, but more respected as a lady.

Miss MUSHROOM. Oh, if that be true gentility, I promise I will tell mama: and she will never let me be so ungenteel in future.

ALL

ALL THE WORLD

A STAGE.

SCENE, *an apartment in the house contiguous to the Theatre in Russel Street, and having a communication with it.*

Mr. GARRICK (*Putting off his regal dress, in which he is supposed to have been playing Richard; and preparing to put on another, for the Farmer, in the little piece, entitled, His Return from London, represented after Richard, that same night, in which the present scene is laid;*) and Mr. BARRY (*in such clothes as gentlemen in general have on.*)

(Note, the time of action is supposed to be the interval between the play and after-piece.)

Mr. GARRICK.

SO, dear Barry, our two young ones are at last come home, for five weeks' holidays. They look, however, very coarse, considering their age, which is but eight,

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Mr. BARRY. They do, indeed; but on the other hand, they are robust and hearty for that age; and will, in time, make very proper men. This is the whole I wished for, and you likewise, when we sent them to be nursed, at such a distance in the country.

Mr. GARRICK. So indeed, it was: but notwithstanding that, I shall detain my nephew, for the time to come, at home, and bring him up in such a way as suits me most. His education will be some employment, and will give me real pleasure.

Mr. BARRY. You will not, in that case, place him in too decent and immaculate a school. Dear friend, let us not flatter our ideas further than we should: for that profession we pursue, of players, is not of advantage to us, in the education of our children, if we wish them any other destination than our own.

Mr. GARRICK. Why so? Without designing to bring up my nephew to the stage, may I not teach him to declaim with energy and strength; a talent that conduces generally to the love of literature, and at least contributes very much to form the mind? If he loves industry, I may procure him an employ; and then he enters into life as other people do.

Mr. BARRY. Yes, I allow all this: but that free life we lead here from our earliest youth, the force of bad example, and that dissipation we give into, and which generally sets

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us against industry and serious application.—Have you no degree of apprehension for your nephew when you think on these particulars, and mean to keep him with you here?—Besides, too, the profession of a player is considered by all thinking people in so bad a light!

Mr. GARRICK. No, not at all. You must be speaking now of strollers: but, in London, those that make the stage their occupation, now-a-days have greatly changed in their behaviour for the better, and are happy in the esteem of those that figure in the highest stile of life? Are there not several among us, who support their parents and relations with exemplary affection? Recollect what Churchill has advanced upon this subject, in allusion to the worth of one amongst us, who is now no more:

If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent with the faithful wife; &c.

Mr. BARRY. Oh, you may talk as long as you think proper of your Churchills: you must own, there is a certain prejudice in people's minds against our state, which we can only lull a while by good behaviour, and which makes against the whole fraternity, whenever any individual of us does amiss. This circumstance, you must acknowledge, is not over-likely to prove advantageous to a child; for when he first imbibes the notion that his father

is in such a way of life as makes him disesteemed, it is not to be thought he will be very much encouraged to embrace it likewise. Such is human nature ; and on that account, I will not have my son remain a week in London. I conceal as much as possible, at present, my profession from him, and will quit it, if I can, when he is come to years of manhood and reflexion, that the world may never mortify him with the situation of his father.

Mr. GARRICK. You conceal your situation from him ? Ah ! ah ! ah ! You go a charming way to work, then let me tell you. Did I not last night observe him in the boxes ? He was there, and saw you play. He cannot therefore chuse but know you are a player.

Mr. BARRY. Good ! As if he meditated upon what he sees at such an early time of life. He really did see me, I confess, last night, play Archer : but, before he went to bed, I told him just what I thought fit. Besides, his mother would insist upon his going, and I could not possibly refuse her. After all, what mischiefs could ensue from pleasing her in this particular ? What children of his age observe, does not stay with them. What reflections, at his tender time of life, can he be capable of making ? Children never argue.

Mr. GARRICK. Never argue ! You deceive yourself, friend Barry. Children argue more than you suppose. They sit in council on affairs within their little hearts, and from
whatever

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whatever they have seen and heard, draw consequences that would make us wonder, could we know what passes at the time within them. 'Tis in this, the generality of parents very much deceive themselves. My nephew has been just now seeing me do *Richard*. I should like to know, what sort of an impression my appearing in that character has made upon him.

Mr. BARRY. As for Charles, he is not likely to be vain from seeing me, last night, do *Archer*. I must own, indeed, that when the whole was over, he put many questions to me on the subject, laughable enough, to which I made reply in such a manner, that he thinks I played the footman's part for my diversion only.

Mr. GARRICK. But where are they?

Mr. BARRY. Somewhere hereabouts. I left them in the antichamber. (*He opens the door*) Here they are. No, only one. Come hither Charles. What have you done with your companion.

CHARLES (*coming in, and thoughtful.*) He was tired of being with me; so we parted.

Mr. GARRICK. But what ails you, my good little man? you seem quite melancholy!

CHARLES. Yes, sir, Master Robert has been teasing me: he says he never will, in future, be my play-mate; he is proud: he pushes me away: he beats me: and has just now told me, I am nothing but a little blackguard.

Mr. GARRICK. Nothing but a little blackguard! and, why so? You were such loving friends,

friends, at school; and yesterday, as I observed when you were both come home; and even in the morning.

CHARLES. Oh, if you but knew, papa, what he was saying but just now of you, before he left me, I am sure you would be angry.

MR. BARRY. And, what was it?

CHARLES. Why, that you are nothing but a footman; that he found out that last night; and just now saw his uncle like a king. He is a king, he says, and therefore never will again play with me, since the nephew of a king was never born to be familiar with a footman's son.

MR. GARRICK. Who would have thought it? And is this the first time he has ever used you so?

CHARLES. Yes, sir: indeed, this morning, after he had seen papa in that great room below, before so many well dressed people, in a livery. I began to think him very rude; but after he had seen you in the fine laced coat, call out to have a horse, a horse, he did as I have told you.

MR. BARRY (*to Mr. Garrick.*) Laughable enough! your nephew thinks, we are in earnest what we seemed to be.

MR. GARRICK. Yes, yes; I see that plainly.

MR. BARRY (*to his son.*) But what answer did you make him?

CHARLES. Why, I said, that if you were a footman for an hour or two, it was but
to

to divert yourself; and that you would not always be a footman.

Mr. BARRY. Well, and he?

CHARLES. He said that no one but a fool would be a footman in such company, for his diversion; and that all was true, as true as when his uncle was a king, and every body crowded in to see him, just as all the people, he was told, do, when the real king goes out in that fine coach we saw this morning.

Mr. GARRICK. Here he comes: let me alone with him. I'll cure his little vanity, I warrant you: besides, my farmer's present dress will change his foolish notions. (*To his nephew, Robert, coming in*) What, pray, Bob, is this I have been told about you? Why affront your little friend so grossly?

ROBERT. I affront him grossly! No, not I, dear uncle. I scarce did him any harm. But—what means this?—I hardly know you! Why have you that coarse great coat on?

Mr. GARRICK. Why? because, though, as you saw, I was a king just now, I am at last no better than a farmer; a clod-hopper, as they call it; and thus, every thing comes round about in life.

ROBERT. But, uncle, sure you joke? a king was never known, thus in a moment, to turn farmer.

Mr. GARRICK. 'Tis, however, true; that I am now a farmer: therefore, should your pride

pride at seeing me a king just now, be wholly done away.

ROBERT. But sure you do not mean to go into the fine great room, where there is such a deal of company, in that rough coat, and those splashed gaiters? Why not still continue king? That was so charming! To have soldiers round about you! I was so diverted! and you looked so well! Oh, be a king again: yes, yes; you will be so; and you have dressed yourself thus clownishly to make a fool of me, when I should see you? Have you not done so, dear Uncle?

Mr. GARRICK. I will tell you that, when we come up again, for I must now be gone. Come with me, then, and you shall see if I am really become a farmer, or am not.

ROBERT. No, uncle: dont go down in such a trim: the company will hoot you.

Mr. GARRICK. I must absolutely go: I am quite tired of having been a king. 'Tis a fatiguing piece of business. For you heard, yourself, I was so hoarse with bawling to my soldiers, and particularly when I promised any one of them my kingdom for a horse, and could not get one even at that price. This business of a farmer pleases me much better.

ROBERT. Out upon it! pleases you much better? What! a farmer's filthy business?—While you live, dear uncle, be a king. Do, pray.

Mr. GARRICK. I doubt not, you would like to be a king: but I have no such taste. So,
come

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come along this moment; and do you, dear Barry, stay and chat with Charles till I come back: you know my part will not be long.

ROBERT. So much the better. You will after be a king again, I fancy?

Mr. GARRICK. We shall see, perhaps, to-morrow. (*He goes out with Robert.*)

Mr. BARRY. Well, what say you now, Charles?

CHARLES. Oh, I say, papa, I know not what I ought to say: but, tell me, shall you always be a footman?

Mr. BARRY. Should I say, yes always, why should you afflict yourself on that account? A footman, if he does no wicked things, may be a very honest man; and such a character is not to be despised in any state of life. However, I must tell you, what you know yourself from the observations you have made already, that I am not always what I was last night, a footman: as you see, I am at present dressed as well as any gentleman, and have been so all day.

CHARLES. Yes, yes:—But still,—I do not well know what to say. You are a gentleman, indeed, at present here, and when at home, where you receive so little company; but, on the other hand, turn footman when you go into a room, where such a multitude of people fix their eyes upon you. This perplexes me, I own; and was what made my friend behave so to me.

Mr.

MR. BARRY. Well; when he comes up again, you may return his insults, after he has seen he is himself no better than the nephew of a farmer.

CHARLES. Yes; but his uncle was a king before, and, and,—There is some mystery concealed beneath all this, though I can never find it out.

MR. BARRY. I will explain the whole affair, dear Charles. By changing clothes so frequently, as Mr. Garrick, I myself, and others you see here, are known to do, we show mankind, by way of lesson, every change of state and fortune, that may happen in this life. This makes them seriously reflect on the uncertainty of human things, and they come hither in great numbers to improve by the instruction we afford them, in the different characters we represent.

CHARLES. Now I begin to understand you, dear papa, a little. In reality, you are not either footmen, kings, or farmers?

MR. BARRY. No: the people give us money every night to tell them, as already I have said, in different characters and dresses, all the vices and bad actions they are sometimes guilty of; so that the wicked may become disgusted with them; and to point out all the virtuous and good actions, so that they may mend their ways, and learn to imitate them.

CHARLES. That must be a charming business truly! So that Robert, as I take it, is no better

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better than myself, although his uncle is a king, and you a footman?

Mr. BARRY. Not a tittle better: nay, what's more, if I can represent a footman better than he can a king, I am respected more, and get a greater sum of money for my acting.

CHARLES. Now I understand. And yet, papa, if I were but a man, though I should get more money by the footman, I should notwithstanding rather chuse to be the king.

Mr. BARRY. If you conceive my meaning properly, you must not tell me, you should rather chuse to be the king, but to perform his character.

CHARLES. Perform his character? Yes; that was what I meant; and now shall laugh at Robert in my turn: his uncle will come back when he has done the farmer's part, and will not be a greater man than you.

Mr. BARRY. No, not upon account of any character he plays: but Mr. Garrick has performed his part: I hear him on the stairs.

CHARLES. Oh, now then, if my smart young gentleman should treat me like a footman's son, I will be no less smart, and call him nothing but a farmer's nephew; such a farmer as you know lives down at Harrow on the hill, and smells so much of dung.

Mr. GARRICK (*returning with his nephew, and having heard the three or four last words.*) And you will call him what he justly merits. Come, be friends, with one another now; for
you

you belong, no longer, as you thought, to farmers, kings, or country people.

Mr. BARRY. I have cleared up Charles's doubts upon our frequent change of character, without communicating to him any bad idea of our way of life.

Mr. GARRICK. And I have done the same respecting Bob, whose pride is, I believe, completely banished. So pray tell me, nephew, will you ever treat your friend again with such disdain as you have shown him?

ROBERT. Never, uncle. I see plainly now, 'tis the behaviour only of kings, country folks, and footmen you assume, to bring the people to you, and improve their manners, as you said just now, by pleasing them; since you are very far from being what I thought you; so, dear Charles, we shall be still kind friends.

Mr. GARRICK. Well said! and the conclusion makes atonement for your manner of beginning. You have shown us, notwithstanding, to what lengths pride commonly proceeds, when good instruction is not nigh at hand and ready to repress it.

THE
DESERTED CHILDREN.

A
D R A M A,
IN
T H R E E A C T S.

8 K

CHARACTERS.

Colonel SADLIFE.

FRIENDLY, *his acquaintance.*

Mrs. MILNER, *living with the Colonel.*

ELEANOR, *a dependant on the Colonel and
Mrs. Milner.*

MARIA,
ARTHUR, } *her supposed children.*

THE
DESERTED CHILDREN.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in the House of*
Colonel SADLIFE.

SADLIFE and FRIENDLY.

FRIENDLY.

GOOD morrow, Sadlife, my dear friend.
Well; pray, how goes it with you?

SADLIFE. Just as usual, Friendly: that is
bad enough. These two years past and up-
wards I have found myself consuming daily.

FRIENDLY. It must be quite useless, should
I seek to flatter you; for every one that knows
you can perceive your real situation: but what
ails you? what is your disorder?

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SADLIFE. To say truth, dear Friendly, I have no one bodily disorder that afflicts me; none, at least, for which physicians could find out a name: but yesterday at dinner you observed I had no appetite. I sleep but little in the night; and I am wholly at a loss what cause I can assign that illness to, which I perceive continually preying on me.

FRIENDLY. The predicament in which you stand is very singular; but if you have no bodily complaint, your mind must be affected. I have told you more than once already, Colonel, and you know it likewise, how much I suspect you entertain some secret sorrow that affects your peace of mind. Disclose your situation to me. Open your whole bosom. I have been so long your friend, that after six-and-twenty years' acquaintance, I may say there can be no degree of confidence but what you owe me.

SADLIFE. I some secret sorrow! Not at all, dear Friendly: my affairs go on quite prosperously. I enjoy a competence, know scarcely what the meaning of that word Ambition is, and lead a happy life with Mrs. Milner, who, you must acknowledge, is a lady of the greatest merit.

FRIENDLY. Yes, dear Sadlife: but perhaps this happy life, and I can easily suppose you think you have good reason to account it such, is now become habitual to you; and when once the greatest earthly blessing is familiar

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liar to us, it then loses half its value. We are such strange creatures, that the happiness which never has been interrupted, seems monotonous and even disgusting. Nay, so irksome do we often find it, that our bosoms are no longer, as at first, affected; and the whole machine is out of tune. Can this be your disorder?

SADLIFE. No, indeed, sir, I assure you. I have no less love and value for Miss Milner now, than when I first became acquainted with her; and our long connection has contributed much more to heighten, than debase the pleasures flowing from it.

FRIENDLY. There must be some other reason then for what thus preys upon your constitution, as you say yourself.—But tell me, you are now no longer a young man, and lead a life with this unfortunate, — for I must call her so, because while others think her married, or, at least, while you assert not the reverse, (and people have no business to examine private and domestic matters) she herself is destitute of such a satisfaction as most wives enjoy.—I say, you lead a life with this unfortunate, because unmarried lady, which, while it incroaches not upon your liberty, occasions the censorious to remark your conduct. Law, indeed, forbids not man and woman to cohabit, as you do without the sanction of that law, which, notwithstanding, you infringe by such cohabitation; but the more, a knowledge of your real situation with the lady you call wife, and who, I

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doubt not, you imagine such as far as a consenting sympathy in peoples' hearts make marriage, —Once more I repeat, the more a knowledge of your real situation with this lady gets abroad into society, the less, believe me, do your friends esteem you for it. And permit me, my dear Colonel, to remark, that in your own ideas it should raise that kind of shame which is of kin to sorrow and repentance. You that were intended surely to approve yourself a faithful husband and good father, ought, at this your present time of life, to be in some degree afflicted at the thought of having lost those two advantages, and, I must say, defrauded law and nature of their rights. —Be candid, Sadlife, and inform me, if you have not thoughts of this kind sometimes stirring in you?

SADLIFE. Ah, dear Friendly, what have you been saying to me? Yes; by dint of guessing, you have penetrated to the close recesses of my heart, and probed me to the quick, in that part where I have so long been suffering what occasions all my sorrow, and consumes me, as already I have told you, daily.

FRIENDLY. Well then, if that cause be all, your cure is very easy. Marry your beloved Mrs. Milner. You will do her by that act the justice she deserves, and merit for yourself the approbation of all worthy people.

SADLIFE. Yes; I have, these twelve months past and more, been thinking of thus making reparation to the lady for the censures thrown upon

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upon her by some people. She deserves such reparation, for the conduct she has faithfully adher'd to with respect to me, for her respectful deference at all times to my will, and for that sacrifice her love for me induced her, fifteen years ago, when first we got acquainted with each other,—for that sacrifice, I say, she made of her unspotted character and reputation. If the world condemn her for this sacrifice, *I* should not do so. But, by marrying her however, I shall only be half satisfied: she is not now of such an age that I can any longer hope for children by her; and I own, dear Friendly, that the title of a husband would not any ways content me, if I knew beforehand I could never add the name of father to it.

FRIENDLY. What? And would you, for this unsubstantial reason, be induced to let a woman live in shame a moment longer? and a woman too, who, from your own confession, fifteen years ago, considered not her reputation from the love she bore you, and has ever since maintained an irreproachable fidelity and duty to you.

SADLIFE. Heaven forbid I should be so ungrateful! No; I am incapable of such injustice; but heaven punishes the conduct I was guilty of in the first years of my connection with her.

FRIENDLY. What then have you to accuse yourself of?

SADLIFE. Ah, dear Friendly! I am in reality

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lity a monster; and deserve not to be called a man. I must reveal the whole transaction to you; but when once you know the guilt I have committed in the course of my connection with a valuable woman, I have cause to fear that the amount of all your friendship will not be sufficient to preserve me from contempt in your ideas: for to treat me with contempt, will not exceed the bounds of justice.

FRIENDLY. You deserve forgiveness, since you own your guilt, with such reproaches on yourself, for having done it. Tell me the whole matter. Possibly my friendship may strike out some way to consolation.

SADLIFE. Know then to what point I have permitted my injustice and even inhumanity to go. When first the lady and myself became acquainted with each other, we concealed our intimacy, lest my uncle, whose sole heir I was, might come to know of the affair, and cast me off. With every caution on my part, however, he had some suspicion of our correspondence, and assured me, he would otherwise dispose of what he had, if ever he should hear a word about it for the time to come. My fear of being disinherited, suppressed the sentiments of rectitude and nature in my bosom. I had promised, I would marry Mrs. Milner, notwithstanding any opposition on my uncle's part, if I should be so happy as to have a son or daughter by her, who might live the time of weaning over. In reality, I had, in two years time, not only
one,

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one, but two : a boy and girl. But to excuse myself from being bound by virtue of my promise, which, if I had kept it, would assuredly have shut me out from any right or title to my uncle's favour and estate, and which I thought was a desirable addition to the fortune I was then possessed of ; from these motives, those unhappy children scarce had being, than without the knowledge of their mother, I conveyed them to the Foundling Hospital, which, though a fortunate asylum, still was meant for the reception of such children as are born of needy parents ; or of such as are without humanity. The Foundling Hospital was then but lately opened, and received, quite differently from the mode established now, whatever children people chose to have provided for in such a manner, or get rid of. It was necessary I should keep the guilt of my proceeding from their mother's knowledge, so that I imposed upon her a fictitious story of their death at nurse.

FRIENDLY. Well, what then is become, at present, of them ? Are they living ? If they are, you know you have succeeded to your uncle's fortune, as you wished to do, and having nothing like a fear that you should be a loser from that quarter, why not then reclaim them, by recurring to the marks you gave in with them ? And by marrying their mother, reinstate the little creatures in their right, and make yourself as happy as you can be.

SADLIFE. Tis in that particular, my friend,
heaven

heaven exercises a just vengeance on me. At the birth of these two children, I was so inhuman as for ever to renounce the title of a father with respect to those two unoffending objects; and for fear I should retain some part of that paternal tenderness within me I was stifling, I would not attend to any of the usual means that might enable me to know in future, and reclaim these melancholy objects of my avarice. The woman I employed to leave them at the hospital, has been a long time dead; in short, I did the business so completely, that I cannot possibly assign one mark by which they might be known for mine, among the other children. And, at present, when my heart is open to the sentiments of rectitude and nature, they have re-assumed their empire in my heart, for no one purpose but to make miserable the remainder of my life, without resource. They would have been my consolation now, if I had kept them with me; while, as things are circumstanced, my sad reflections on their fate, torment me.

FRIENDLY. I must own your situation is quite lamentable.

SADLIFE. All my wish is to have children. Providence vouchsafed me two, and by a person I esteem and cherish. Through my cruelty, they are unhappy, since deprived of all their privileges, and I never can indulge a hope of making reparation for my crime and their misfortunes.

FRIENDLY.

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FRIENDLY. But—

SADLIFE. Think, Friendly, how unfortunate for me, that an establishment for the admission of all children, without asking any question, should be opened just about the time I had occasion, as I thought, to use it! All the nation was rejoicing in the institution of a house so friendly to the infant poor, and to the interests of humanity, while I alone had reason to be sad; for, if admission had but needed interest, and the disclosure of one's situation, I should then have saved my children; since I should not, in that case, have sent them to the hospital. Oh, heavens! I feel my wretched situation deeply, and shall die with grief.

FRIENDLY. But, did their mother know, at last, how they had been disposed of.

SADLIFE. Happily for her, she does not know it even now. Less to be pitied than myself, because she has no crime to tax herself with, she still mourns those children she supposes dead. Were she to be informed what crime, my avarice, and what she will imagine, very likely, my desires of freedom, wrought upon me to commit, she would detest me. Never, therefore, let her know a syllable of this.

FRIENDLY. No, no; rely upon my prudence. I discern the importance of this secret to preserve your peace: but, trust me, the sole remedy I find adapted to your case, is this, attonement in the person of the mother, for the injustice you have done her children. Marry her;

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her; you will, by such an act of virtue, have at least one cause the less for your remorse and sorrow.

SADLIFE. True; but still in doing so, as I have said already, I must give up every hope of being called a father.

FRIENDLY. Called a father! Think a little; are you worthy of becoming so again; (I must be free with you, dear Colonel) after the gross misemployment you have put that honourable title to already? Make atonement for your guilty errors, and as soon as possible. This is the only step you should, and what is more, can, have recourse to.

SADLIFE. Ah, dear Friendly, see my tears: for heaven's sake, spare a miserable man, who by his death alone,—But, some one, I believe, is coming: yes, I hear a foot: tis, very likely, Mrs. Milner. That she may not notice my affliction, I will step into my study, and divert my mind awhile with reading. Enter into conversation with her, and it shall not be above a quarter of an hour, or so, before I come and join you both. But not a word of what we have been talking of with one another. (*To Mrs. Milner, coming in*) You are come quite a-propos, my dearest. Here is Mr. Friendly, who will keep you company, while I am busy at some matters, in my study.

Mrs. MILNER. Go. I will avail myself of Mr. Friendly's company, to have a little politics. He will not be long absent; that I know before-

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beforehand. (*Sadlife quits the room, and she sits down.*) Mr. Friendly, what is your opinion of the Colonel? Dont you think that for this half year past, at least, he has appeared astonishingly altered.

FRIENDLY. I was speaking on that subject to him when you entered, Madam; and endeavouring to discover what could be the cause of such a change as I have noticed in him, not, as you say, for these six months only, but I verily believe two years and upwards.

Mrs. MILNER. Yes, indeed; and you must needs suppose, this alteration in him makes me quite unhappy; but, my dear good sir, can you conjecture what occasions such a wasting malady as every day consumes him?

FRIENDLY. No, indeed: the sum and substance of my observations is no more than this: that he has some corroding sorrow preying on his heart. This is the whole I have to say, as from my knowledge; but, dear madam, have you no suspicion of the occasion of his sorrow?

Mrs. MILNER. Oh, sir, for this long time past I have had more than mere suspicion; a complete and certain knowledge of it. You are Colonel Sadlife's friend; and you are mine too. If I dont——(*She seems upon the point of weeping.*)

FRIENDLY. Well, madam; let me know the secrets of your heart. I see you want some counsel. Possibly a little conversation with

each other, may suggest some fortunate expedient to remove the cause of your affliction.

Mrs. MILNER. It depends entirely upon the Colonel to remove it. I am sure of that.

FRIENDLY. How, madam! would the Colonel think of keeping both himself and you unhappy, were he able to prevent it? That I cannot easily imagine likely.

Mrs. MILNER. Ah, sir, you would easily believe it, if you knew the whole?

FRIENDLY. I think myself discreet, and qualified by education to retain a secret. Let me have your confidence; and I am almost certain of administering some comfort to your sorrows; and, perhaps, those likewise of the Colonel. In such case, the intervention of a friend between two people, is a great relief to those in your afflicted situation. He becomes an umpire, and even comforter, who dissipates your apprehension, and attenuates your faults.

Mrs. MILNER. He does, indeed; and therefore, I will place that confidence in your discretion, which you ask: but, as I fear, at present, I shall not have time sufficient to detail the several particulars of that affecting state, in which the Colonel's bosom and my own are, I will put it off, with your permission, to some fitter opportunity; and only give you, in a word or two, the reason of our sorrow. You have always been our friend and intimate, since the connection first took place between us, till this very moment.

FRIENDLY.

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FRIENDLY. Yes dear madam; but I never knew the secrets of your family; nothing except the general events that have transpired within it.

Mrs. MILNER. Let me, then, inform you of a secret now, which you have never heard of. I have had two children by the Colonel; a fine boy and girl: the first would have been ten years old, the other eight at present, if the Colonel had not been so inhuman—*(she weeps)* I must stop: I cannot speak.

FRIENDLY. You make me shudder! Has he been so cruel—

Mrs. MILNER. No, he has not made the least attempt upon their life. If he had done so, he would certainly be much more guilty; but, tis likely, not so miserable. Some few days, about a fortnight after they were born, would you believe it? he went through a resolution he had formed; and found it in his heart to rid himself for ever of the incumbrance of his little ones, by putting them into the Foundling Hospital, when that establishment was new; and when, for any child's admittance, it was only necessary, as perhaps you know, to leave it in a cradle at the gate, and ring a bell: that indiscriminate admission has been, since, entirely discontinued. Happy had it been for me, if such a method never had been introduced. In that case, the necessity of making interest, would have prevented him from alienating in this manner, his own

flesh and blood, which he proceeded to, without preserving any marks, as usual in such cases, that hereafter might enable him to know, and if he wished, reclaim them. At the time he put them in, he told me they had died at nurse; an information he has never since retracted.

FRIENDLY. What a shocking resolution! Doubtless the strong apprehension he was under of displeasing his old uncle first suggested the unnatural measure? The desire of adding to his fortune, was the motive operating on him?

Mrs. MILNER. You are in the right. I never let him know I am acquainted with his whole proceeding in this matter; but my silence, does not, in the least contribute to his peace of mind. I see he cannot have his own forgiveness, for the wrong he has been guilty of towards me. Remorse incessantly torments him; and I fear, it will even bring him to the grave, if such a remedy as I have, fortunately, in my head at present, should not prosper. 'Tis on that, I would consult you. I can live no longer in my situation, any more than he in his. The moment is at hand, when I must hazard every thing.

FRIENDLY. Dear madam, how I feel for your unhappy situation! and how bitterly must not my friend reproach himself, for such a cruel conduct!—But I think I hear the Colonel coming?

Mrs. MILNER. No: tis only Arthur and Maria,

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María, with their mother, going up to study, for an hour or so. The Colonel grants her so much leisure from the business of the house, that she may look a little to her children's education; for, in truth, he loves them; and they merit his affection. He will, notwithstanding, soon be with them. 'Tis his constant custom to go up while they are studying; so that, passing by the door, he will be sure to enter, and disturb us. I must, therefore, put off the disclosure I designed you, to some other opportunity; and more particularly, as I likewise visit them when they are studying. I delight to see how earnestly they go to work. Perhaps, it might have some degree of entertainment for you, likewise, Mr. Friendly? Will you go up with me? 'tis but in the room above.

FRIENDLY. With all my heart; but I must first go down. Excuse me; I will wait upon you shortly.

Mrs. MILNER. And I, likewise, have some business I must settle with the cook; when I will join you in the children's study. So, no ceremony.

A C T II.

SCENE *changes to a sort of study.*

The two Children, ARTHUR with a book, MARIA drawing, and their Mother, ELEANOR, at work.

ARTHUR:

PLAGUE take this Latin! I am tired to death with Englishing such gibberish. *Gigas? Gigas?* Sister, do you know what *Gigas* means?

MARIA. No doubt I do: where is it? (*Arthur points it out.*) *Gigas?* Do you call that *Gigas*? Out upon you, brother! you must learn to read. 'Tis *Gig-as*; that is, gig or whiskey.

ARTHUR. Oh, you think yourself, no doubt, quite clever! You will find a gig or whiskey in the Psalms of David, I suppose: and yet, I must go through with my translation. I have done it all so well, that Mr. Syntax, I am sure, will like it very much, and there is only that one word which hinders me from doing a whole verse, nor can I find it in the dictionary.

MARIA. Leave it blank then.

ARTHUR. Oh, yes, leave it blank! as you do in your drawing. When you cannot make an eye, you leave it out, I fancy. That produces a fine head indeed! How then would my
verse

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verse look, if Gigas were left out. (*He reads.*)
Exaltavit ut gigas ad currendam viam.

MARIA. What? Let me look at it. Bless my heart! how easy! (*She burlesques the passage.*) "Eggs all, Davy." Ut?—I dont know what *ut* is: but I am sure that word means gig.

ARTHUR. Ah, hold your tongue, Maria, prythee. You disturb me quite. (*He tears the paper.*) There's for you, Mr. Gigas, and the whole translation.

ELEANOR. What a simpleton you are, to work two hours last night at your translation, and this morning, for a single word, to tear the whole!

ARTHUR. No doubt: and why are there such words as that in Latin?

ELEANOR. And what, think you, will your master say, when he perceives you have done nothing? For you need not tell him your translation was all finished to a single word, he never will believe you.

ARTHUR. Oh, I dont mind him. I only mind papa, who promised he would take me out a walking, if I did my business well. What, shall I tell him, mammy?

ELEANOR. Oh, I know not.

MARIA. What a fool you are, to let a single word thus get the better of you, so that you must tear so much as you had done before! If I were to do so, when I am at a loss in sketching out a head, I never should have done. I
think

think 'tis better to do some things badly, rather than not do them, like yourself, at all. One learns that way to do them better; though not then, yet still another time.

ARTHUR. Oh, you are very happy with your drawing. It amuses you; and I should like to be a girl; for then I should not have this nasty Latin to pore over. If it were not for papa, I'm sure my mammy would not let me learn it any longer. Would you, mammy?

ELEANOR. So you think, I see that plainly.

MARIA. And for my part, I should like to be a boy, if it were only to learn Latin. I might understand the parson's sermons every Sunday then; but what is drawing good for, if one is not meant to live by teaching?—Look, dear brother, what a pretty head!

ARTHUR. Ah, yes!—This must be difficult indeed!—But what a mouth is here?—tis like a fish's. And the nose! tis absolutely puggish. Do but look.

MARIA. The mouth is like my master's pattern here; and if you dont believe me, see yourself. The nose, I must acknowledge, is too dark: this shading should not have been quite so black. No matter. I had rather let it go than make it worse. I am not quite so difficult as you.

ARTHUR (*takes his sister's drawing and attempts to tear it.*) Come, tear it, just as I did my translation.—You had better——

MARIA.

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MARIA. Brother, brother, what are you about? don't go to tear it.

ELEANOR (*interposing.*) Arthur! would you tear your sister's drawing? Let it go. How now!

FRIENDLY (*entering.*) Your pardon, little gentlefolks, and Mrs. Eleanor. I come to please myself by invitation in your little study here. No ceremony. I will shut the door myself; but stay, I think I hear a foot. Yes, Mrs. Milner.

Mrs. MILNER (*entering.*) What! just after you! Well, sir; and how do you approve our little school. How are you, my dear Eleanor? and you, Maria, and your brother, how are you too?—Mr. Friendly, do you know I have a crow to pluck with you? Maria and her brother constantly are used to come, and wish us a good morning; but as they were told I had you with me in the room below, I was deprived this morning of their company. Tis well, my little ones, the Colonel was not there, or he would certainly have called you in. Oh, as for that, the Colonel (*To Mr. F.* you must know him their papa) is a mighty favourite of yours, I fancy; Is he not, Maria?—Come and kiss me. (*She kisses both the children.*)

MARIA. Yes, and you too; for you know we think you are our other mammy.

Mrs. MILNER. Yes; and I will be so, if your mammy, Eleanor, assures me you are both good children.

ELEANOR. Yes, they are so, madam. Ar-
thur

thor sometimes does not please his Latin master, I must own ; but he is always sorry for it, when the gentleman is gone.

Mrs. MILNER. You must not let me hear that of you, Arthur, for the time to come ; or I shall love your sister only, and not you.

FRIENDLY (*to Eleanor.*) You make him then learn Latin ? You are in the right. It may be of the greatest service to him, when he comes into the world.

ELEANOR. The Colonel and his lady shew them such affection, that in me it would be absolute ingratitude, as I imagine, if I did not put him to learn every thing.

Mrs. MILNER. They are quite charming children. From their infancy, they have been brought up under our inspection, and deserve we should concern ourselves in their behalf. You do, for your part, (*to Arthur*) my good little man ; and will you not work hard and learn your book, that you may come in time to be a clever fellow ?

ARTHUR. That I will, since you have told me it will make yourself, the Colonel, Mammy Eleanor, and every body love me ; but this Latin is so hard —

FRIENDLY. Take courage : tis but for a few short years, my little friend, and all the trouble will be over. Think too for your comfort, that of every thing you learn, this article of Latin needs most diligence and application : and besides, you cannot be a gentleman without

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out it. Tell me, when you come to be a man, what should you like to be.

MARIA. He said a chairman, yesterday.

FRIENDLY. A chairman?

ELEANOR. We had seen a chairman in the Park, whose fine laced coat appeared so handsome, that he said, he should be vastly pleased with such a one.

ARTHUR. Yes, so I did: but mammy told me it was not his own; so I will never be a chairman: but the truth is, I should like, oh, very much, to be a watchmaker. Have you a watch, sir, in your pocket? Will you let me see it?

FRIENDLY. I have none, my dear. I had as late as yesterday but sent it to be mended. Why, however, will you be a watchmaker? Because, as I suppose, a childish wish of nick-nack work possesses you: but be a gentleman; that business is the best now going.

ARTHUR. And will learning Latin help to make me one?

FRIENDLY. No doubt it will. At least, without it, you will never be a person fit to mix with gentlemen.

ARTHUR. Then be assured, sir, I will make myself a gentleman; and that I may do so, will never fall into a passion with my odious Latin. You are in the right, sir; by applying heartily, I shall much sooner get the better of it.

FRIENDLY. Well; and you, my pretty little lady, what are you about? (*looking at her dress.*)

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drawing.) Upon my word, you have a very pretty finger!

Mrs. MILNER. Not so very pretty: she has learned, however, but six months.

FRIENDLY. And draw like this?

MARIA. The nose, sir, is not done so well.

FRIENDLY. And what, pray, ails it?

MARIA. Why, my brother calls it puggish;

FRIENDLY. Not at all; or if it is, tis not so puggish as his own. But never mind him, and go on, my dear. Tis very pretty. (*To Eleanor.*) You must certainly be very happy, having two such children.

ELEANOR. Yes, sir, I must own they seem to promise much, and I am every day indebted to the Colonel and my mistress for their bounty, that enables me to let them have an education. Providence in them has given me two good friends.

FRIENDLY. You merit their benevolence: and I am glad you have it. You must be a careful mother to your children; their appearance speaks for your attention to them. But here comes the Colonel, I believe.

SADLIFE (*Coming in.*) Ah! ah! A very pretty party! Tis high change with you, I fancy, as they say. One, two, three, four, (*counting them.*) Upon my honour, a large company!

MARIA. Not very large: at least, not we:
but

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but leave us to ourselves, and we shall soon grow bigger. Yes, you may be sure of that. We would have come, papa, while you were down below, to wish you a good morning, if we had not learnt a gentleman was with you; so that we came straight up stairs: and how, papa, pray, did you pass the night?

SADLIFE. Not very well.

MARIA. So much the worse: but let me kiss you.

SADLIFE. My sweet little dear!

ARTHUR. And me too.

SADLIFE. Thank you both for two such kisses.

MARIA. See, papa, my drawing.

SADLIFE. Very pretty: and you, Arthur? Is your mammy pleased with you as usual?

ELEANOR. Oh, yes, sir; for though I say it, he is certainly as well as my Maria, the best child in England.

Mrs. MILNER (*taking Arthur and Maria in her arms a second time.*) Who both love their mammy and mama with all their hearts?

MARY. Oh, yes, indeed.

ARTHUR. Yes, that we do.

SADLIFE. So, so, then! I am Mr. Nobody, I see, in all this love.

MARIA. No; you are Mr. Everybody.

ARTHUR. Truly are you: and we love you heartily.

SADLIFE. In that case, I must not appear ungrateful. (*To Mrs. Milner.*) Pray, my dear,

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let Arthur have a handsome suit of clothes against next Sunday made him ; and Maria a new cambric frock, and fine plaid sash. Yes, little hearts, as long as you are good, and I am told you please your mammy, I will always give you some good thing or other.

MARIA. A new cambric frock and sash ! how good you are !

ARTHUR. A suit of clothes ! Oh, how I mean to study, and deserve it !

SADLIFE. Go then for the present, little ones, and be assured I love you. (*They and Eleanor go out.*)

FRIENDLY. They are very happy.

Mrs. MILNER. They are charming little creatures. Every one that sees them, says so.

SADLIFE. They are very interesting.

Mrs. MILNER. Notwithstanding, Eleanor, their mother, is no better than a servant, she is very happy in the circumstance of having two such children ; for of every blessing upon earth, there is not one to be compared therewith. Alas ! it is the only one I ever coveted ; but heaven has not thought fit to grant me so much happiness. Indeed, I had a notion of it from experience for a month or so ; but in the sequel, was deprived thereof for ever. (*Weeping.*)

SADLIFE. But, my dear, you know this sorrow does not fall on you alone. I am a sharer in it ; and my grief——

FRIENDLY (*feigning surprise.*) How, Colonel !

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lonell!—But, perhaps, you would suppose me indiscreet if I had so much curiosity——

SADLIFE. No, no, dear Friendly. You have always been our friend. Let me inform you then, that if God's providence had but been pleased to spare them, we should now have had two children nearly of an age with those of Eleanor's; but heaven has otherwise disposed of both, and I must say, my soul, by loving these two children, seeks to mitigate the sorrow I endure for having lost my own.

Mrs. MILNER. And I, for my part, must acknowledge likewise, that a certain undescribable attachment I experience to these little ones assuages my affliction for the loss of those that heaven bestowed upon me. They have both good inclinations; and my own, if they had lived, would now be nearly of an equal age. At times, I yield to an agreeable delusion, when I ardently embrace these children: motherly affection warms my heart, and frequently, when I caress them, I am bathed in tears, and my agreeably-deluded mind, preoccupied by such maternal love, imagines they are my own children.

SADLIFE. Drop this subject, my dear life, I beg you. It distracts my heart.

A SERVANT (*entering.*) A gentleman would speak to you below, sir: he directed me to tell you he is come in consequence of the appointment which you sent to Piccadilly.

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SADLIFE. I am going down.—(To Mrs. Milner) For heaven's sake, banish these sad thoughts, and do not thus afflict yourself for an irreparable loss. I will come up again; or rather, madam, carry Mr. Friendly down into the parlour, and in half an hour or so, we, will all three, sit down to breakfast. (*He goes out.*)

Mrs. MILNER. I imagine, that by this time every thing is ready. Let us follow him. Below, I shall have something I would wish to tell you.

FRIENDLY. Pray go on before.

A C T III.

SCENE *changes to the room below.*

Mrs. MILNER and FRIENDLY at the breakfast table.

Mrs. MILNER.

NO, no: he will not come these twenty minutes yet; which time we have for conversation. I observed up stairs, I wished to tell you something. I have said too much already on the subject of affairs between the Colonel and myself, as you yourself may easily imagine, to conceal the rest. I must inform you therefore of the whole, and I am not without some
expect-

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expectation that your friendship will instruct me, how I should proceed in the affair I mean to take in hand.

FRIENDLY. Yes, madam ; you may place a perfect confidence upon my friendship : and, I hope, discretion likewise : therefore speak.

Mrs. MILNER. I am a happier mother than you think for ; and indeed, than I declared myself. I told you that the Colonel had done every thing he could, to the intent that his two children might be lost for ever to him, by conveying them, if you remember, to the Foundling Hospital, without preserving any marks, whereby they should be known in future, if a change in his affairs might make it not improper to reclaim them.

FRIENDLY. Yes, you did so, madam ; with this other circumstance : that he would fain have made you think, they had both died at nurse.

Mrs. MILNER. Such really were his intentions ; but as Providence would have it, happily for me, and happily, I hope too, for himself, they were not faithfully complied with, by the woman he employed for such a cruel purpose. She related the affair to Eleanor, who then was, as at present, in our service ; and about a year before, had married, but was not, on that account, obliged to leave her place. She told me of the plot. At the recital, I was shocked ; but easily persuaded Eleanor, who had herself about that time been

brought to bed, but whose poor little infant died, to take my Arthur in its place, that she might bring him up as if he were her own, and here too in the house; while, with a sum of money, I engaged the woman who had previously received his father's orders, to be secret, and inform the Colonel she had faithfully complied with his directions.

FRIENDLY. This respected your first child?

Mrs. MILNER. And for the second, heaven thought proper I should find the same facility. The Colonel would have rid himself of that, as he imagined he had done beforehand of the former. Eleanor again was brought to bed about the time I had my second child, and I induced her to receive Maria in the place of hers, of whom I ordered that the greatest care should then be taken at a nurse's in the country, as since then I have, where he is now at school. You see by this recital, sir, that I have saved the fruit of my connection with the Colonel from the mortifying situation into which he would have thrown them. I enjoy the pleasure every day of seeing them grow up, while I am waiting for the favourable moment of presenting them together to their father, without having any room to fear I shall displease him by a conduct diametrically the reverse of his. I think this moment is now come. You have just seen these two unhappy little beings, in Maria and her brother Arthur. They have found in me the tenderest mother; but as yet, I have done
nothing,

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nothing, if I cannot find a way by which I may restore them to a father, and legitimacy, by persuading him at the expence of tears and prayers, of which I cannot be too lavish, if they do but work upon him, to make some atonement for the wrongs he has been guilty of to his own flesh and blood.

FRIENDLY. Oh, what a prudent conduct! Ah, my dear, good madam, be of comfort; for the moment of your happiness, believe me, is now come. You have instructed me sufficiently, that without any fear of violating my engagements to the Colonel, I should tell you, that this very morning, just before I saw you, for the first time, he had opened to me every secret of his soul, and shown me the remorse of a repentant heart.

MRS. MILNER. Of a repentant heart? What mean you?

FRIENDLY. What I say; for he has told me every thing this morning of the Foundling Hospital; and he is racked with anguish at the thought of having sacrificed the pledges of his love and tenderness. Declare then the whole truth. Present him your two children, that are also his; and be assured, that by restoring him to peace and life, you will induce him to make all the atonement in his power for what is past, by calling you his wife.

MRS. MILNER. Ah, Mr. Friendly, after the barbarity, for I must call it so, he has been guilty of in casting off his children, can I please

please myself with thinking he will ever have the ideas of a tender father, and good husband? On the other hand, I tremble at the thought of giving him to understand how oppositely I have acted to his will. I tremble at the thought of introducing his unhappy children to him, those two children he could find it in his heart, as I have told you, to proscribe almost as soon as they had life. 'Tis not impossible but I may get his hatred by discovering I am privy to his great injustice: for the shame to which I shall subject him, may unfortunately bar his heart to those ideas he had previously despised; but as you say, which he is now beginning to admit again; and if the case should really prove so, all hope of reconciliation would be then for ever lost. This, sir, is what I fear at present, and have always feared, since first my children, as the Colonel thought, were taken from me; or, long since, I should have forced them on his observation. If then hitherto I have been constantly in fear of taking such a step, how can I risque the lot of my dear children, and my own too now:—Without a penny to support them in the world but what—Oh, heaven! oh, heaven!

FRIENDLY. Yes, my dear, good lady, once more, let me earnestly exhort you to discover every thing; and I will pledge my word for your success. The moment is quite favourable for you; and, as now, when what you have in contemplation is to pass from the desponding
gloom

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gloom of fear and sadness, to the noon-day brilliancy of happiness, you ought not to delay a moment. I take on me to procure you all the happiness I speak of; and to manage matters, so that your despairing apprehensions may be over: and what satisfaction do I not enjoy, in being, as I know I shall be, of such service to you?

Mrs. MILNER. What! and do you think at present you could execute a project, such as you appear to glance at?

FRIENDLY. Arthur and Maria are at hand: go fetch them, and be ready in the adjoining room; but do not think of coming in, till such time as I call you. I am sensible the children at their tender age can bear no part in my intended plot; and, therefore, all they have to do, will be, when they come in, to kneel as soon as they observe their father looking at them. This you will inform them they must do; and not a word of any other matter.

Mrs. MILNER. I resign myself implicitly to that fair hope you waken in me. I will fetch the children, and attend minutely to the part you have advised me.

FRIENDLY. Be as soon as possible in the adjoining room, though you should wait when there, much longer than you wish; and make no noise. The children are so docile, you will find it easy to make them comply with such instruction as you give them.

Mrs.

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Mrs. MILNER. Yes, yes, that I shall.

FRIENDLY. Go, then; for though the Colonel may be, yet, below sometime, tis not impossible but he will instantly return, and find you here; which would, in some degree, defeat the scheme I have in contemplation. Do in every thing as I have told you, my dear madam, and be certain, for I speak from something more than hope, that you are now upon the point of being made the happiest woman living.

Mrs. MILNER (*going out.*) What a debt of gratitude shall I not owe you! and what joy, beforehand, your assurance of succeeding gives me!

FRIENDLY (*alone.*) What delight and transport shall I not communicate to the despairing bosom of my friend, the Colonel, when to those afflicting thoughts, which the idea of his two dear children, lost for ever, as he fancies, gives him, will succeed the pleasure of their restoration, and the joy of learning that against his will, and notwithstanding his unfeeling conduct in their infancy, he has been ever since employed in doing them kind actions, as a father should do! But, I hear him: fortunately, he is coming at the very moment I could wish.

SADLIFE (*coming in.*) What, Friendly, by yourself! What have you done with Mrs. Milner?

FRIENDLY. She is gone up stairs to regulate
late

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late some matters that, she said, required her presence ; but will soon be down again.

SADLIFE. But, tell me, has she got the better of those melancholy thoughts our conversation caused her.

FRIENDLY. Yes, quite so ; and I will tell you more, my friend. It rests with you alone, that for the time to come, you should be both the happiest couple breathing, if you will but heartily adopt a resolution to remove the cause of that affliction your past conduct has procured you.

SADLIFE. What does all this mean ? And how may Mrs. Milner and myself become the happiest couple breathing ? Is it possible, you have betrayed me, by revealing the important secret I entrusted you withal, to Mrs. Milner. Nothing else wanting, if you have, to render me completely wretched.

FRIENDLY. No, I have not told that lady any thing : but, happily for you, she knows much more than you imagine, though her prudence and affection never gave you reason to suspect it.

SADLIFE. What ! is she informed that I, —that I have had the cruelty, —Ah, Friendly, you are dealing now in riddles. —I am ruined.

FRIENDLY. No ; but, on the other hand, you are consoled. Recall your heart to virtue, if you ever loved your lady. Every thing conspires to make you both completely happy. It depends upon yourself alone to be, henceforth,

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forth, the tenderest husband, and most fortunate of fathers.

SADLIFE. The most fortunate of fathers, Friendly? What does all this mean? Explain yourself.

FRIENDLY. I will; but, in the first place, answer, with sincerity, one question. Granting heaven should providentially restore your children to you, and instead, as you imagined, of their being lost, have prompted some one during the whole time to make them worthy of your tenderness: if Mrs. Milner, by that conduct and contrivance, an ingenious mother's bosom only could inspire, should have preserved them from your cruelty,—say, do you find within you any principle of gratitude, as well as virtue, such as would incite you to reward and crown her work? and by a speedy marriage, to make full atonement for the wrongs, with which both love and nature are entitled to reproach you?

SADLIFE. I deserve, indeed, you should distress me, with the mention of this doubt, dear Friendly, after what I have been so unprincipled and so inhuman even, as to do; but you have likewise witnessed my repentance for it; and you know, it is a shaft that rankles in the wound, that every day and minute kills me. Do me, then, more justice, and be certain——But, why thus suggest a hope, that must be disappointed? you do nothing, by
such

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such friendship, than augment my shame and sorrow.

FRIENDLY. Once again, dear Colonel, be of comfort. In reality, that you are far more fortunate than virtuous, I must freely tell you. But, however that be, think of nothing now but the enjoyment of a happiness you had no right to look for.—(*Raising his voice*) In the room, within there!—Come and shew yourselves. The Colonel waits to see you.

(*At this, Mrs. Milner, with her children, and behind them, Eleanor, come in.*)

FRIENDLY (*to Mrs. Milner, coming forward with the children.*) Be of comfort, my good lady, all your sorrows now are over. (*After Mrs. Milner, Arthur and Maria have knelt down before the Colonel. Friendly adds as follows:* Look ye, my dear friend, here is your wife upon her knees before you, and the children providence has, by her means, preserved you. Now, then, if you can, be still obdurate towards them.

SADLIFE (*utterly astonished.*) What!—Can it be possible!—Is Arrhur and Maria,—Speak, if you have but a tongue,—I have not.

Mrs. MILNER. Yes, sir; these are the dear pledges of our love, brought forth in happier times, as I imagined, than the eight long years since you supposed them lost for ever. Nature, very possibly, more powerful in a mother than a father's bosom, first suggested me the means, not only of preserving them from being what

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you meant they should become, dependants upon charity, but likewise of obtaining them a place where you might see them hourly, till such time as happier days should dawn upon them. These two interesting beings you have always been employed to benefit, but did not know them. Can you cease from doing them the same good offices, when you are made to know they are your children.

SADLIFE. Mine! (*He takes them in his arms*) Oh, heaven! my heart is hardly able to contain its joy! but, is it possible?

Mrs. MILNER. The woman you commissioned to withdraw them from me, made our Eleanor acquainted with the whole affair, and Eleanor communicated it to me while there was time for my preventing the completion of your project, by engaging Eleanor to bring up Arthur and Maria in the place of her two children, one of which, as I may now inform you, died when not a fortnight old, while I defrayed the charge, and still do so, of bringing up at nurse and boarding school, the other.

SADLIFE (*to Mrs. Milner.*) Oh, unexpected happiness! To-morrow, I will dissipate your past uneasiness, by marriage in a public manner, after having been your husband, in my heart, these dozen years and upwards. Dear, dear Arthur, and my dear Maria, come both of you and embrace your father.

MARIA. And, are you, then, in reality what

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what we always called you. (*To Mrs. Milner*) And you, too, in earnest our mama.

ARTHUR. Oh, how we shall both love you, but without forgetting our dear mammy Eleanor, who has been always so affectionate and careful of us!

SADLIFE. That you should do so, dear children, is the first and only order I have now to give you. (*To Eleanor*) My good Eleanor, you have a long time past, been faithful, I can see, in keeping secret this important matter; and may look for every thing you wish for, from my gratitude.

ELEANOR. I am, already, well rewarded for the services I have performed; which, let me not call trifling, since I see it has contributed to make my children happy, (*She embraces them.*)

FRIENDLY (*to the Colonel.*) You shall have the whole explained to you, as soon as possible; when you will see how we have managed matters so as to produce this fortunate event between you. In the interim, think only how you may indemnify yourselves, in future, by more brilliant days, for those that have already passed you in such deep adversity, that they admitted of no sunshine.

SADLIFE. Ah, my dearest wife, I am indebted to you even for existence! Can you, for the time to come, forget—

Mrs. MILNER. Can I forget? Your love shines forth, at present; and I mean not to indulge

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dulge one peevish or ill-natured thought; but be the tenderest wife, as I am now the happiest mother in the world.

FRIENDLY. Dear friend, one may assert it of the marriage that you mean to enter into, with such satisfaction, that as Shakespeare tells us, *every thing is well that ends so.*

